

050  
E19  
v1148

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

---

---

*Foreign Literature*

VOLUME 148  
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1907

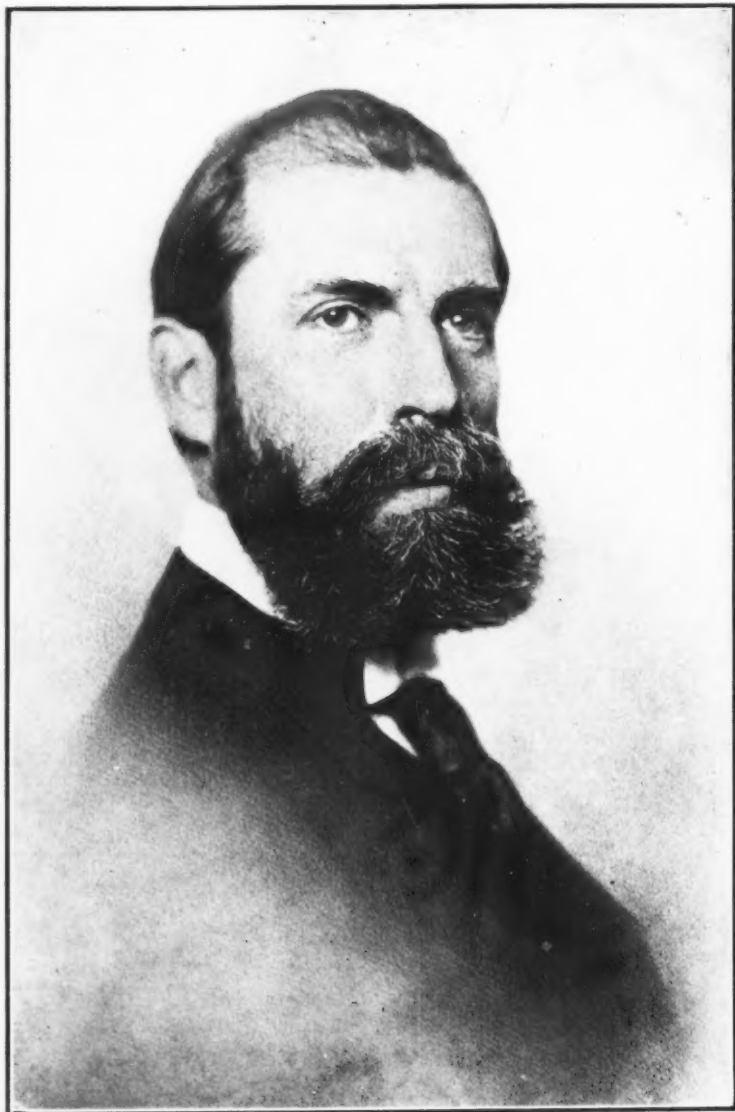
---

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE PRINTING AND  
PUBLISHING COMPANY

116 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

*L.S.*

19872



See Page 83.

**CHARLES E. HUGHES.**

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

Vol. 148,

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 1.

## In the Great Dismal Swamp.\*

By CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—  
His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before!"

"YOU are going to the Dismal Swamp?"

**Y**

"Yes."

"Will you be there at night?"

"I think so."

"I wish you wouldn't. We had a cousin, a young man, who went there at night. He contracted some mysterious disease which developed immediately, accompanied by strange discoloration of the skin. Within a week he was dead!"

This was serious and somewhat complicated matters. A nice question of ethics took possession of my mind. Should I, or should I not, repeat the gruesome tale to my colloquial friend, the Sailor, who had promised to accompany me to the swamp? I feared to lose him, but conscience conquered

\*Copyrighted, 1906, by Charles Frederick Stansbury.

a criminal tendency to silence, so I frankly told him what the Norfolk lady had said.

"Charles," he remarked between tugs at a recalcitrant corncob, "there are but two propositions in this world that I fear—an angry woman and a snake. That bunch has got me beaten to a frazzle. The swamp for ours."

I temporized with my conscience to the extent of failing to tell him that the Dismal Swamp was, as he would have expressed it, somewhat long on snakes. At least, so I was informed. It being mid-May, the serpents might still be in retirement. So I held my peace.

The Dismal Swamp captured my imagination in early childhood. Having saturated my young soul with Moore's ballad, the very name of the region fascinated me, largely on account of its horrible beauty. Within its mysterious depths, in thought,

"through an alley titantic  
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul—"

I have since thought that Poe should have written the epic of the swamp, and that Moore's ballad is immortal largely because of its alluring title. It is certainly unworthy of his great genius, notwithstanding the fact that it has made the Dismal Swamp famous wherever the poetry of love and life is read. When in later years I found myself in "Old Norfolk Towne," the mystic impression of my childhood became an obsession. As I lay awake listening to the ceaseless noises of the night, the Dismal Swamp called me, as long ago it called the unhappy young lover—so I went to it.

As an antidote to my somewhat morbid temperament, I asked my friend, the man of the sea, to go with me. Apart from his fear of snakes, there was no nonsense about him. In case we had to spend one or more nights in the swamp, I would fall back on his common sense as a shield against its ghosts and familiar spirits. Besides, he was a good sailor and eke an engineer. I could rely on him in canoe, rowboat or launch.

It is a strange anomaly that anything dismal should be regarded as an asset. Least of all, when the dismal thing is the most dismal of all dismal things—a swamp. An asset, however, the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia undoubtedly is; on account of its beneficent influence on the climate and also because of the material things of value that it yields. There is at this writing a bill before Congress whose purpose is the complete draining of the swamp with a view to transforming it into farm lands. This I believe to be a great error which might afterwards be fraught with serious consequences—namely, the substitution of drought and disastrous fires in a wide region now blessed



with rain and the salutary dampness of the swamp. The great arid interior of the continent of Australia would to-day have its value increased a million-fold could this or other great swamps be transplanted there, to cause the desert to blossom as the rose.

The idea of draining the swamp and utilizing its rich soil for agricultural purposes is the first thing that comes into the head of an enterprising man who becomes interested in the subject. But there are two sides to every question. We know that Tidewater Virginia within the sphere of influence of the Dismal Swamp is one of the best truck farming regions in the world, with a plentiful supply of rain. With the swamp drained and turned into



**CANEBRAKE ALONG JERICHO DITCH.**

farm lands, we know not what climatic changes would take place, but a lessening of rainfall would necessarily follow. When Professor Shaler, the geologist, advocated the draining of the swamp in a report published sixteen years ago, there was seemingly but one side to the question.

Now, however, men who have studied the subject doubt the advisability of such draining and regard the swamp as of great and lasting value to agriculture. Captain William F. Wise, a prominent trucker of Norfolk County, vigorously protests against the proposition to drain the swamp. He sent to the government at Washington a statement of the theory long ago advanced

by Commodore Barron and Captain Sam Watts, that the Dismal Swamp protects this rich agricultural territory of southwestern Tidewater Virginia from droughts; and this theory Captain Wise supports with a remarkable daily record of the weather in this section. This record has been kept without intermission for seventy-four years, first by Captain Wise's father, and then by himself.

The protest of Captain Wise appears to be so reasonable and interesting that I cannot refrain from quoting a portion of it. He says: "The swamp and lake have prevented injury from drought in the truck fields of Norfolk until recently drained by the canal. Captain Watts, one of Virginia's best informed public men, and Commodore Barron, after careful study, concluded that Lake Drummond had a decided effect upon local rainfall at Norfolk.

"Captain Watts stated that the influence of Lake Drummond over local rainfall in the territory about five miles east and west across the lake and extending north in a comet shape to Hampton Roads, showed that there was never a serious loss of crops from drought. No other locality in the Union has such a record.

"When the water in Lake Drummond a few years ago was lowered by improvements in the canal, the effect was looked for. It resulted in the first loss of a cucumber crop since the Civil War. If Captain Watts and Commodore Barron were right in their theory, what can we expect when the lake is drained?

"The draining of Lake Drummond would probably injuriously affect the water supply of Norfolk City. If the rainfall is lessened, the water supply of Norfolk, entirely dependent upon the rainfall, may be seriously hurt. To drain the Dismal Swamp would be to subject most valuable property to destruction by fire. Before the swamp could be gotten beyond the hazardous danger line (a few years' cultivation), one fire would make the entire property a barren waste.

"The swamp produces with the greatest rapidity a maximum amount of lumber, and is itself a magnificent forest reserve. When juniper is cut, it readily springs up in a new growth. The swamp now supplies hundreds of telegraph and trolley poles of this juniper. This forest reserve was recognized by George Washington, and large acreage there was secured by him for timber, not for agriculture. Nowhere in the country does a tree grow faster than in Eastern Virginia."

The Virginia Department of Agriculture and Immigration states that the swamp may properly be accounted a natural wonder. It is an extensive region

lying mostly in Virginia, but partly in North Carolina, and covered with dense forests of cypress, juniper, cedar and gum. It is a remote, weird region inhabited by many wild animals. Its silence is broken by resounding echoes of the woodman's axe in hewing its trees that are of great value for the manufacture of many varieties of woodenware, for shingles, staves and ship timber. In the middle of the swamp is Lake Drummond, the largest lake in the State. It is noted for the purity of its amber colored water, the hue being derived from the roots of cypress and juniper.

The Dismal Swamp before the war was often the retreat chosen by runaway slaves for the purpose of hiding where none sought to follow. In its deep recesses were secret hiding places to seek to find which would have been certain death to the uninitiated. These spots were hidden in the deepest and most nearly impenetrable portion of the swamp, surrounded by treacherous quagmires and heavy undergrowth of swamp plants. The tortuous paths were well concealed by rank growth of cane and thick foliage, where the fugitive was beset by gnarled and tangled vines and roots in that dank fen where

*"The copper snake breathed in his ear."*

Many are the tales of slaves who, fleeing from the penalty of their crimes or from some other cause, sought to hide themselves in the swamp, thus escaping from one form of punishment for another far more horrible. Some of these men were said to have been hidden in the dread morass for more than twenty years. The negroes who were engaged in cutting shingles from the cypress trees were sometimes the friends of the outcasts. The runaways helped the shingle cutters in their labors and the latter reciprocated with provisions and ammunition. The masters knew the slaves were in the swamp and in some cases made no special effort to capture them.

The limits of the Dismal Swamp are not very clearly defined, as the line of demarkation of its edges varies with the rainfall and the presence of the swamp flora. It varies in altitude from twelve to twenty-two feet above mean tide level and slopes gradually upward, its highest portion lying in the southwest. Lake Drummond, which lies near the center of the swamp, while not a perfect circle, varies but slightly from it, and is four to six miles in diameter, according to your authority.

The depth of the lake, which prior to the deepening of the canal was fifteen feet, now averages a little more than six. Its floor is covered with sand, which would be white but for the brown water, tintured with vegetation. This water has for more than a century borne the reputation of being medicinal and is said to be perfectly wholesome. It has no especial taste and

no odor. It is noted for its keeping properties, and the lake has been used for generations for supplying ships with water for long voyages.

The lake is surrounded by a dense forest and its edges are marked by the stumps of cypress trees, while a number of these trees are still growing in the water near its shores. There are extensive canebrakes through the swamp, whose principal flora consists of bald cypress, juniper, red maple and black gum. The soil to about a depth of twenty feet consists of vegetal accumulations. Examination has shown it to be composed of about ten feet of peat, filled with roots and tree trunks, overlying about eight feet of clear peat, which merged with the overlying beds, and this in turn was underlain by fossiliferous sand.

In Virginia the field in which the Dismal Swamp lies is a billowy plain which is sharply bounded by an escarpment formed by the sea when the surface of the continent was about twenty-eight feet below its present level. This ancient sea bench extends from near Suffolk, Virginia, southward with a perfect line of demarkation to Albemarle Sound.

The eastern boundary of the swamp district is determined by low dune-like elevations which only attain a height of a few feet and serve in a measure to retain the swamp waters upon the surfaces, upon which they lie. They are unimportant, compared with the effect produced by vegetation in this district. The swamp deposits indicate in a general manner that the beds are of the Pliocene age. There can be no question that the deposit is likewise of pre-glacial age. The nature of the strata underlying the swamp points to the fact that they were accumulated in shallow but quiet water.

Large swamps like the Dismal Swamp, whose area is measured by square miles, usually possess a fauna peculiar to themselves. The characteristics exhibited by the animals which occupy such morasses are related to the nature of the vegetation and the degree of moisture of the earth. Nutbearing trees being rare, the arboreal rodents are generally absent. The inundated nature of the soil makes it unfit for occupation by the subterranean forms of that group. Serpents of a species which have accustomed themselves to dry situations are generally absent from the swamp. Such predacious mammals as the fox and wolf find marshy land unsuited to their needs. Birds that rest upon the ground are rare. Swamp fishes present peculiarities, not found elsewhere except in caves. In times past bears have been remarkably abundant in the Dismal Swamp. Formerly there were at least two hundred killed each year. Abundance of deer was also to be found. A small variety of black wild cattle, feralized from domestic herds, used likewise to abound. They are said to have had frequent combats with the bears, the fortunes of war

varying at different times. It is a notable fact that the wild cattle are obliged to do without salt, there being none in the Dismal Swamp.

The Dismal Swamp Canal was built to afford a line of ship communication between the bay district of North Carolina and that of the Chesapeake. It was, moreover, to furnish a means of access to the vast and then virgin forests of juniper, cypress and pine which there abound. There is now another canal nearer the coast. By a system of locks, which have a total lift of twenty feet, the water in the canal is maintained at a higher level than formerly.

There are, also, hundreds of miles of trenches in the swamp made in the days when slaves were held in this part of the country. The trenches



**SENTINELS OF LAKE DRUMMOND.**

were dug without system or any special surveying, but merely for the convenience of the diggers. The canal, which dates back to the close of the eighteenth century, was justly regarded as a remarkable achievement and one of the most considerable hydraulic works undertaken in that century. The canal, doubtless, had an influence in partly draining the swamp, whereby portions of its edges have been won from it for agricultural uses. The canal connected the waters of James River at Deep Creek, Virginia, with the waters of Albemarle Sound, near South Mills, North Carolina.

The Dismal Swamp was once the favorite hunting grounds of the In-

dians. Arrow heads, knives and hatchets have been frequently found there. Formerly it was thought that five navigable rivers and some creeks rose in it and that the sources of these streams were hidden in the swamp, no trace of them appearing above the ground. Hence the belief that there must be plentiful subterraneous fountains to supply these streams. Towards the south and east there is a large tract of country covered with weeds without any trees which, being constantly green and waving in the wind, is called the Green Sea. This tract, however, is not an integral part of the Dismal Swamp. An evergreen shrub called the gall bush, bearing a berry, which dyes black like the gall of an oak, grows throughout the swamp.

The curious "knees" of the cypress develop only where the roots upon which they rest are beneath the surface of the water during the growing season of the year. In the case where the tree is altogether removed from the chance of inundation, the roots bear no knees whatever. The black gum secures a similar result with its roots by another contrivance—that is, the roots merely curve upward sufficiently to lift a portion of themselves above the water. In the case of both trees it is nature's way of assuring to them the air which is necessary, in order that they may live.

Much inquiry in and about Norfolk failed to elicit any clearly defined method for seeing the Dismal Swamp. Occasional excursions are made to Lake Drummond by way of the Dismal Swamp Canal and its feeder. Those making the trip this way usually go in a launch holding fifteen or twenty persons, and after a sail around the lake, return to Norfolk the same day. While this method of visiting it gives a glimpse of the edge of the great morass, it is little more, and not sufficient for one who is drawn to the swamp by a sense of fascination and longing. Besides, a gay party of men and women distracts the attention from natural objects. The best way to observe nature, is to observe it alone. Therefore, I determined that my first visit should not be made in the conventional manner. The map informed me that the Jericho Canal emerged from the swamp in the neighborhood of Suffolk; that this canal was about ten miles long and that it led through the heart of the damp forest to Lake Drummond. I concluded that the Jericho Canal would be a good medium through which to study the famous swamp, so early one Sunday morning the sailor and myself journeyed by rail to Suffolk, a distance of twenty-three miles from our base at Norfolk.

At the hotel in Suffolk I inquired as to the best way to get into the swamp. The clerk informed me that I would have to drive to the Washington Ditch, where I might be able to obtain a small boat, in which to thread



the ditch or canal to Lake Drummond. He went on to tell of his own experiences in the morass. How he was beset by snakes innumerable, which dropped into his boat from the trees, and how bears robbed his lonely hut by night. I would have stayed to listen to his literary lore—how some “feller” had written a “piece” of poetry about a drowned woman in a white boat—but the snake stories had visibly affected my friend, the sailor, so we fled from the loquacious if not veracious narrator. In the street we found a negro who guided us to one “Jim,” a black jehu, who agreed to drive us out to Washington Ditch.

Behind Jim’s two willing but overdriven roadsters we covered the seven



OVERFLOW DURING WET SEASON.

miles that lie between Suffolk and the spot where the ditch enters the Dismal Swamp. A synopsis of the things scorable en route would indicate a comparatively deserted road through pleasant truck-farming country. We passed picturesque negro cabins, luxurious fields of dark red clover, bluish cabbages, oats and timothy. Plebeian razor-backed hogs grunted, and blackberry blossoms smiled at us as we sped by. The road narrowed towards the end and we drove through water several inches deep at the edge of the swamp, crossing an aqueous “thank you ma’am” that came up to the hubs of the wheels. We crossed several corduroy bridges that would be death to a stranger to ne-

gotiate in the dark, and drew up before an old-fashioned farmhouse surrounded by shade trees which suggested the idea that it would rather be picturesque than comfortable.

Here we were well received. A wholesome and comely matron, the daughter-in-law of the farm, informed us that she, her husband and pretty babies had spent the night in a hut in Lake Drummond in the swamp. This was consoling, as she and her children looked healthful and happy. We arranged with the farmer for a flat-bottomed boat, and commandeered a smiling negro who said he could paddle and pole, but did not know the ditch. Thus recruited, we started for a half-mile walk through alder-fringed lanes past fragrant racks of split pine and unfragrant hog pens for the landing, from which we were to embark. There we found moored a little brown bateau which we got into, and paddling vigorously, entered at once the Dismal Swamp.

Washington Ditch is a narrow canal of varying width and depth. It is probably ten feet wide at its most narrow places. It is named after General Washington, who is said to have surveyed the swamp and owned part of it. He was likewise the organizer of the company that built the first canal. Ditch is an ugly word to use in connection with this beautiful waterway, but it is official and, therefore, unanswerable. If Lake Drummond were a perfect circle, the Washington Ditch would represent a straight line leaving its northern edge at a tangent and running northwest through the swamp for five miles. The Jericho Canal, which is similar in character, leaves the lake at the same point, but takes a more northerly direction. After a few miles it dips to the westward. It is about ten miles long and emerges from the swamp near Suffolk. Both of these canals have been greatly neglected as waterways, and the voyager meets with such obstructions as fallen trees and dense foliage. This adds to the difficulties of navigation, but much increases the picturesqueness of the route.

The first impression conveyed to the mind on entering the swamp in the way here indicated is that of supreme beauty. The title of the region is a misnomer, for here is a veritable fairyland—a perfect setting, if there were dryer spots for repose, for a midsummer night's dream. The forest is wildly luxuriant, and the richly leaved branches of the noble trees meet and interlace above the stream. The undergrowth is profuse, but does not here form a jungle. Trumpet flowers and bramble blossoms line the canal and add to its natural charm. The water is of a light brown color. The swamp has no odor, save that caused by the luxuriant vegetation, at which the senses ache.



Long, ropelike vines of tropical appearance reach to the lofty branches, or lie knotted and gnarled in rich and picturesque tangle.

Far ahead as the eye can travel lies the bright stream, flashing back so much of the sunlight as filters through the leaves. Huge logs, rich in color and the changeful verdure of decay, lie in careless confusion and profusion on the banks or in the stream, covered with fairy moss, forming miniature forests. The note of a solitary woodthrush rings full and true through the majestic aisles. All else is silence.

We paddled along without a word, entranced by the rare beauty of the place. Dismal the swamp may be at times, but it is certainly glorious on a bright morning in May. The trees are worth coming far to see. Giant gums, junipers, cypress, wild elms and red maple mingle their variegated foliage which present every shade of green from almost yellow to deepest olive, while their roots reach far into the moist earth. Those of the cypress, not content with nurturing the strong and dignified trees, revel in the luxuriance of life at their base, forming innumerable efforts at further production and the craving for air, in the shape of curious cypress knees.

Presently we come out of our day dream with a start. Our black boy, Walter, announces the presence of a snake on a moss covered log which we are passing and the sailor becomes deadly pale. The little creature which we had awakened from his siesta, glides silently into the mysterious regions of the morass. Further down stream Walter kills one with his paddle, whereupon that stalwart sailor man falls into my arms a fluttering mass of human terror, thereby nearly upsetting the frail batteau. A little lower down the stream we discovered yet another serpent—a dead one—which closed our account with reptiles for the day, if I except a tiny chameleon whom I met later sunning himself on the shore of Lake Drummond.

For two hours we paddled and poled through George Washington's miniature canal. As we drank in the fantastic beauty of the forest, Walter regaled us with the yarns which the gentle stranger must ever suffer for his sins. Eliminating Darwin and Tyndall, I never take my science from scientists, but go direct to the unlettered Walters of the world. The tales of this negro made the Dismal Swamp doubly precious to my mind. Snakes formed much of the burden of his song.

But there were other things, indeed, besides snakes. The waters of his mind, if not of the swamp, teemed with most interesting fish. White shad, raccoon perch, red fin perch and chub, peopled his fancy, if perch can be called people. Game? Lots of it. There were grizzly, gray and black bears, wild

cattle, wild hogs, wild cats, coons, 'possums, rabbits and squirrels galore. There was quail in abundance, and as for wild turkey, well! One day Walter was threading the swamp when that bird dog o' his'n said something. He warn't payin' much attention, but he looked up, an' there set nine wild turkeys all in a row! Truly the Dismal Swamp is the place for sportsmen.

As we proceeded, the trees appeared to get larger and grow farther apart, so that more light was admitted into the forest. At the end of the two hours mentioned above, we came to a full stop at the Jericho Locks, about a hundred yards from the shore of Lake Drummond. The locks, so-called, is a primitive dam, over and around which the waters of the Washington and Jericho Canals, which here converge, pour into the lake, the fall being about two feet, the stream forming rapids for the short distance.

Here stood the crazy and neglected cabin, in which our friends of the farm had passed the previous night—a picturesque ruin. Even so, it was the only sign of human handicraft in that wild place. Here we dragged the batteau over a short carry and entering the rapids, were shot almost instantly onto the broad surface of Lake Drummond. The wind had freshened and kicked up an awkward sea in the shallow waters, making navigation difficult for such a craft as ours. Nevertheless, we paddled well out into the lake and rested awhile to view the scene.

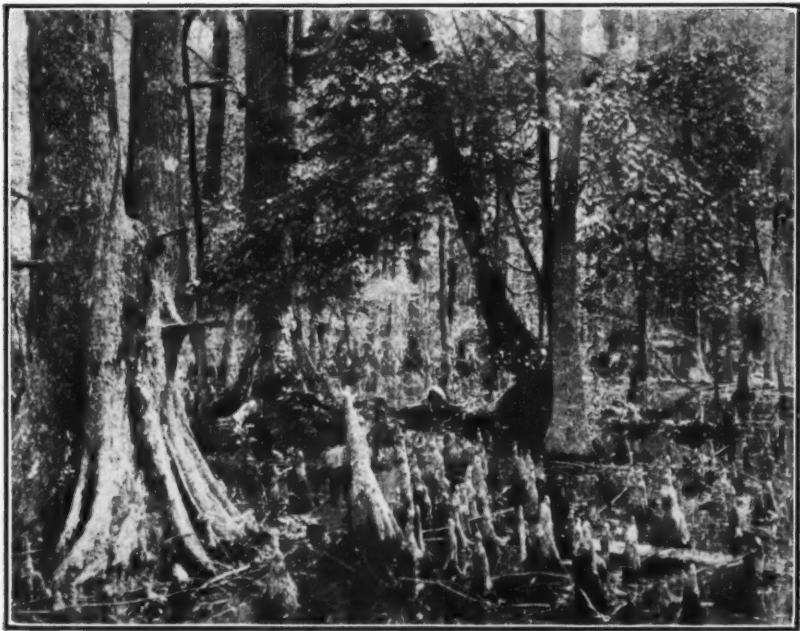
Lake Drummond is said to have been named after its discoverer, who, says the same tradition, wandering in pursuit of game with two companions, was lost and in his rambling came upon this lake. His comrades failed to find their way out of the morass, but Drummond escaped therefrom and gave an account of the sheet of water which has ever since been called after him.

It was in 1803 that the poet Moore made a tradition of the lake the subject of his famous ballad of "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." This poem was written in a house in Norfolk which is still standing, virtually unchanged since the poet's day. The ballad is based on a legend which tells of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved; and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

The theory has been advanced that the basin, in which Lake Drummond lies, was formed by fires, which occurred in some remote period. In proof of this hypothesis, it is pointed out that during dry seasons patches of the swamp a few acres in extent have been seen to burn to such a depth as to

form a place for the accumulation of permanent water. This theory of the formation of the lake is rejected by Professor Shaler. The lake must, therefore, be considered as belonging to the type of peat enclosed lakes, which are common in the small morasses of the glacial area.

The keynote of Lake Drummond is desolation. Despite the beauty of its densely wooded shores, where wild elm, cypress, juniper and gum struggle for supremacy, the general effect of the lake is depressing. As we looked on it, no sail broke the monotony of its dark waters of the sombre hue of burnt umber. No sign of life disturbed its solitude, if we except an isolated turkey buzzard sailing high in majestically graceful circles near its edge. The rough-



CYPRESS TREES AND "KNEES."

ness of the water, out of all proportion to the breeze, added to the sense of strangeness that here affects the beholder. It may be that tradition, playing curious tricks with the imagination, influences the mind adversely regarding this strange lake, and that subconsciously one feels that which he does not see. As I sat in the little boat and looked out upon the broad expanse of turbulent water, the feeling came over me that we had

"Passed to the end of the vista,"

and that at night this wraith-haunted lake of the Dismal Swamp

"where all night long by a firefly lamp  
She paddles her white canoe,"

must be positively uncanny. In the mind's eye the characteristics of the wild region become distorted until it represents the apotheosis of desolation. This suggestion becomes accentuated as the eye wanders to the shoreward shallows, where, standing grim and gaunt, are seen the naked and time-mangled corpses of giant cypresses long since dead. As a rising bank of dark cloud throws the lake into deep shadow, mystic words come to me like the burden of a song:

"It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Wier—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber  
In the ghoul haunted woodland of Wier."

In the ruined cabin I met the old man who had come down to the lake to fish by way of the Jericho Canal. The roughness of the water spoiled his sport for the day, but he and his companion, a white-haired negro, were preparing to camp in the hut for the night, hoping for better luck next morning. He told me that the lake was full of chub. He knew a gentleman, he said, who came to the lake every year and spent a week or more there drinking its waters as an antidote to malaria. It made him immune, he said. The negroes and woodmen, he told me, who live in the Dismal Swamp and drink its waters continually, never have malaria. According to the old man, the waters of the swamp and lake constitute a beneficial tincture of medicinal herbs.

After this conversation, I wandered off into the swamp forest for awhile, alone, as no amount of persuasion would induce the sailor to go with me. He remarked that he hadn't lost any snakes and did not propose to look for them. I might easily have lost myself in the strange tangle of the morass, but for the proximity of the lake and getting my bearings from the direction of the wind. My most active impression, while alone in the depths of the swamp, was the fear of sinking in the morass, together with a vague and indefinite sense of dread.

It was a place in which the imagination plays strange tricks with its victim. Retracing my way to Jericho Locks, I found the practical minded sailor indulging in a few emphatic remarks sotto voce. It would soon get dark, he said, and serpents—whom he designated a bunch of poisonous grafters—are nocturnal in their habits. He admitted that poetry was all very well in its way, and that, doubtless, as a swamp poet, Poe had Tommy Moore skinned

a mile. We had eaten nothing since daylight and could not continue to live on tobacco, or perpetually stave off the pangs of hunger by taking new reefs in our belts. His peroration—so far as translatable—was to the effect that it was to be the nearest tall hotel for his.

The fact that the nearest hotel was twelve miles away by land and water did not, however, depress us as we started to return over our course of the morning. Fatigue and hunger lengthened the miles intolerably, but the unusual beauty of the place grew with the setting of the sun. The reflection of the trees in the water was mellowed by the warm and tender tints not possible in the garish light of midday. Shadows became deeper and longer and the forest took on fantastic shapes. I caught the bright whistle of a red bird and replying occasionally in kind, the unseen songster accompanied us for miles, cheering us on our way.

As we neared the edge of the forest, the crimson and gold on the water's surface deepened into violet and purple; then melted into sombre gray. The wind died out, the red bird ceased his song and nothing stood between the outer world and the depth of the dank forest but silence—a silence so dense that the dip of the paddles in the stream carried far, and the ticking of a watch became painfully audible. Even the garrulous sailor was for the time eloquent with silence. The forest now no longer possessed definite shape or form.

The vaguely outlined trees surrounded us as an army of weird, gray shadows, fading into a vast and fearsome phantasmagoria that the imagination did not dare to follow. Innumerable fireflies, like souls released from cypress trees, began to appear, their fitful gleam of tremulous light making a beautiful mockery of illumination. It was well that we were emerging from the forest of the Dismal Swamp, for night had fallen.



## The Shibboleth of "Restraint of Trade."

By GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE.

**T**HE phrase "restraint of trade" which we read on every side in the press and which was a universal slogan in the late political campaign has been doing duty for scores of things outside its actual meaning. To mention in a stump speech the name of a "trust" and follow that with the statement that it was acting in "restraint of trade," was always sure of a salvo of indignant disapproval of the "trust"; although any schoolboy could tell and every listener knew that the great effect of the combination which the speaker was hammering had been to increase and extend trade in every direction. Of the four hundred "trusts" now flourishing in the United States, all of them organized in good faith under the laws of the States, not one has, in actual experience, brought about a reduced output for its product. Where they have survived the natural vicissitudes of business (and "trusts" invariably fail like other businesses if they are mismanaged), the result has been a vigorous onpush in manufacture and commerce. But your stump speaker and your profound editor will tell you that the whole, healthy process of combination is against the law, and as plainly a thing of hoofs, horns and spiked tail as any demon in a medieval tale. Though you know better, he will tell you it is in "restraint of trade."

Our President, moreover, who has been understood by most people to be in deadly opposition to "trusts" and combinations, evidently has his misgivings. In his latest message to Congress he says:

"The actual working of our laws has shown that the effort to prohibit all combination, good or bad, is noxious where it is not ineffective," which means that the less of such sweeping laws the better. He goes on: "Combination of capital, like combination of labor, is a necessary element of our present industrial system. It is not possible completely to prevent it, and if it were possible, such complete prevention would do damage to the body politic." It would indeed. It would "restrain trade" with a vengeance. It would make chaos the condition, and universal ruin the result to all our great industries.



There are, for instance, now pending against the Standard Oil Company four suits brought by the States of Missouri, Ohio and Texas, and by the United States, to enjoin the company from continuing business. The ground of each suit is the allegation that the Standard Oil Company is acting in "restraint of trade." The petition in the federal suit prays that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey (which, in 1899, acquired all the stock of the subsidiary corporations) and seventy other corporations and partnerships, and seven prominent directors of the company, be adjudged an unlawful combination acting in "restraint of trade." The question, therefore, is pertinent; What, in the dry legal import of the phrase, is "Restraint of Trade?"

Scarcely a generation after Chaucer's death, English judges had begun to use the phrase "restraint of trade." At a time when medieval society was disintegrating, and vagrancy and lack of employment seemed increasing dangers, the Plantagenet courts looked with disfavor upon any contract by which an active artisan might be withdrawn from trade and possibly might become a public charge, or might diminish, by his withdrawal from business, the amount of employment, and the output of commodities useful to the public. Accordingly, the rule was stated that no contract, by which a person bound himself not to exercise his trade, would be enforced by the courts. The result of this rule was to prevent the enforcement of contracts, by which a tradesman attempted to sell the "good will" of his establishment and to refrain from starting a similar business within a fixed time or within a specified locality.

The unfairness of this rule was soon observed and the courts began to uphold contracts that restrained competition for merely short periods of time or within narrowly limited localities. During the last century, the arbitrary test of limitations of time and space was abandoned, and the test applied by the law was simply the reasonableness of the restriction. A contract to sell a modest tailoring business was upheld, although the seller agreed not to open a rival shop in the same city; but if the seller agreed not to engage in a similar business in the same country, the contract was unenforceable. A contract to sell a machine gun factory, which sold its product to the governments of many nations, was upheld, although the seller agreed never to engage in a similar business at any time or in any place. Contracts which imposed merely reasonable restraint upon trade were enforceable at law. Contracts which effected unreasonable restraint of trade were not criminal, nor were they cause for punishing the parties to the contract, but they were unenforceable by the courts. Such was the common law regarding "restraint of trade" until the first anti-trust legislation.

Let us see what that legislation was.

In 1889 Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and the Territories of Idaho, Montana and North Dakota passed anti-trust laws; and the new States of Washington and Wyoming introduced similar provisions into their constitutions. In 1890 Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri and South Dakota passed anti-trust laws. In 1891 Kentucky and Missouri introduced anti-trust provisions into their constitutions, and Alabama, Illinois, Minnesota and the Territory of New Mexico enacted similar laws. New York and Wisconsin followed in 1892; and in 1893, California forbade combinations in live stock, and Nebraska forbade combinations in coal and lumber. Thirty States and two Territories subsequently passed such laws, and in seventeen States anti-trust provisions were inserted in the State constitutions.

In 1890, Congress passed the Sherman anti-trust act, which declared illegal, "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations." A summary of this legislation will show the extent to which the definition and legal consequences of "restraint of trade" were stretched by statute.

In twenty-one States it was criminal for two or more persons to enter into an agreement—regardless of whether it were reasonable or unreasonable—whereby free competition in production and sale was prevented. In seventeen States it was criminal conspiracy for two or more persons to agree to regulate the quantity or the price of any article to be manufactured, mined, produced, or sold—regardless of whether prices were raised or lowered. In sixteen States, it was criminal for two or more persons to attempt to monopolize any commodity. In Missouri, it was criminal conspiracy to maintain a trust, pool, combine, agreement, confederation, or understanding to regulate prices or to fix the premium for fire insurance. In Mississippi, it was criminal conspiracy not only to regulate prices, but also for two or more persons to settle the price of an article between themselves, or between themselves and others.

In Texas these practices were punished by imprisonment of one to ten years in the penitentiary, by a fine of \$200 to \$5,000 for each day of the offence, or by both; and if the offender were a corporation, by a fine of \$200 to \$5,000 and by forfeiture of its franchise.

"Reasonable" and "unreasonable" were mixed up regardless of the voice of history or the dictates of common sense. No provision was too drastic for an "anti-trust" law.

Under the Sherman anti-trust act, every person engaged in "restraint of



trade"—reasonable or unreasonable—was punishable with a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or with imprisonment not exceeding one year, or with forfeiture of the subject matter of the transaction and must pay to the aggrieved party treble damages, the cost of suit, and the reasonable attorneys' fees.

Framed for the purpose of destroying existing combinations, these statutes went far in their express language toward literally prohibiting innocent forms of business organization. Under the common law, which prevailed before these statutes, contracts in partial "restraint of trade," whenever reasonable, were upheld. Under these statutes, such contracts, although reasonable, were not only unenforceable but subjected the parties to punishment for criminal conspiracy.

Throughout the nineties, the courts were busy defining "restraint of trade," as the phrase was used in these anti-trust statutes. Under the anti-trust act of Missouri, seventy-three insurance companies were deprived of the right to do business within the State, because their agents through an association, enforced uniform rates of premium. In accordance with the same act, the National Lead Company, a holding corporation controlling the manufacture of 75 per cent. of the white lead of the United States, was forbidden to collect the price of goods purchased by its customers in Missouri.

Under the New York anti-trust act, a corporation which had bought eighty-five patents of various harrows and had contracted with the owners, under restrictions regarding the selling price, to continue manufacturing, was not allowed to enforce its contracts. A member of the Rochester Coal Exchange, which fixed its schedule of prices for its members, made a contract with a customer to supply in the future, large installments of coal at schedule price; after receiving part of the coal the customer refused to accept the rest; and under the anti-trust act the contract was held unenforceable.

The furthest extent to which anti-trust legislation was carried was in Texas. A brewing company, which had agreed to supply a combination of dealers in El Paso, to the exclusion of others in the city, was allowed to recover nothing, either for breach of contract or in payment, for the beer already furnished. A contract of lease of premises for five years, with provisions that no one beside the lessee should be allowed to carry on a similar business on the land and that the lessor should issue to his employees checks redeemable in the lessee's business and should take as rent a fixed share of the profits, was held unenforceable. A manufacturer who had supplied his customer with a delivery wagon and a storage vault, on condition that the customer handle goods of no other manufacturer, was allowed to recover nothing for the goods he had furnished.

In 1897, and again in 1898, the Supreme Court of the United States defined "restraint of trade," as the phrase was used in the Sherman anti-trust act, and held the act thus interpreted, to be constitutional. A number of interstate railways had combined in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and the Joint Traffic Association "for the purpose of mutual protection by establishing and maintaining reasonable rates." In its opinion, declaring these agreements a violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, the court held that the act forbade all agreements, whether the restraint was reasonable or unreasonable, and that such an act was within the power of Congress.

The results of this legislation, which penalized "restraint of trade" and then included within the definition of the crime almost every form of business organization, proved satisfactory to no one. In 1902, the Industrial Commission, appointed by the President of the United States to collect information and "recommend legislation to meet the problems presented by labor, agriculture and capital," reported: "In the United States there has been much legislation regarding industrial combinations, but very little seems to have had much effect. Under the common law, our courts have quite generally declared the contracts in 'restraint of trade' invalid, whenever these contracts were general, or whenever they were unreasonable. \* \* \* The common law is sufficient to enable learned judges to protect the welfare of the people against monopolies that can be clearly proved against public policy. \* \* \* Possibly the fear of a new form of business organization may have led to the extension of legal interference in private business beyond what the public welfare demands. Some of the statutes, if read literally, would seem to forbid many perfectly innocent associations among individuals, but the courts have generally assumed that only monopoly—at least virtual monopoly—was attacked, and the decisions have been made accordingly."

In 1904, the Supreme Court of the United States decided the Northern Securities' case and held by a majority of five to four that the combination effected through the Northern Securities Company was within the prohibition of contracts in "restraint of trade." One of the majority justices, however, expressly stated his opinion that "restraint of trade," as the phrase was used in the statute, meant merely *unreasonable* "restraint of trade"; and, upon this point, the four minority justices by implication concurred in his opinion. The door has, therefore, been opened for the return to a definition of the phrase "restraint of trade," which shall be in agreement with well settled law and consistent with innocent business expansion and organization.

Anti-trust legislation, as already has been shown, has served to regulate trusts only in so far as it has restated previously settled law. In so far as it

has overstepped the common law, and declared combination, in *reasonable* "restraint of trade," illegal, it has provided a weapon too dangerous to the innocent to be freely used against the guilty. Until a narrower meaning of the phrase was suggested, in the Northern Securities' case, "restraint of trade" was merely the shibboleth, wherewith the penalties of denunciatory statutes could be invoked against almost any unpopular business organization which the public prosecutor might choose to pursue.

Such a state of the law, in this twentieth century, exceeds in barbarism the medieval rule of "restraint of trade," which the Plantagenet judges repented of and altered, five hundred years ago. Since the extension of the phrase "restraint of trade" has failed of its purpose, and has already been questioned in the highest court of the land, it is hoped that its elimination from the law may soon come.

And President Roosevelt is rapidly approaching that view. Returning to his message where he addresses himself to the Sherman antitrust law, he says:

"It is a public evil to have on the statute books a law incapable of full enforcement because both judges and juries realize that its full enforcement would destroy the business of the country."

Could any comment on a defective and dangerous law go further?

---

## ST. ANDREW'S.

By TOM QUAD.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

A shining sweep of yellow sand,  
A foam-flecked sea of gray,  
The crimson glow upon the land,  
The blue hills far away.

The great gray walls, the ghostly spires,  
The soft mist rising far,  
The paling glow of sunset fires,  
A solitary star.

The splendors of the sunset die  
On headland, burn, and lea;  
The silver clouds reflected lie  
Far out across the sea;

And over all the deep'ning gloom  
And length'ning shadows fall,  
On broken tower, deserted tomb.  
On ruined arch and wall.

They clothe the land in somber gray,  
They dim the crimson west;  
The darkness falls upon the bay,  
The great world sinks to rest!

## The Voyage of the Scotia.

By ADMIRAL SIR A. H. MARKHAM.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

**T**HE dawn of the twentieth century will always be memorable, more especially from a geographical point of view, for the great interest that was evinced throughout the world in the renewal of a systematic and well-arranged scheme, having for its object the thorough exploration of the hitherto almost unknown region—amounting to no less than ten millions of square miles—that surrounds the South terrestrial Pole.

It is true that during the last decade of the nineteenth century small, and unimportant, expeditions were dispatched to the South Polar seas, principally to report on the prospects that offered for establishing whaling and sealing industries in the far south. These enterprises added little to our geographical knowledge, but they served the useful purpose of whetting our scientific appetites, and thereby stimulating the general thirst for obtaining further information regarding a portion of the world, so little known, and which had, hitherto, received but little attention. The practical result of these minor voyages was the dispatch of several expeditions from various countries, some on a scale of greater magnitude than others, but all well arranged, carefully organized and skillfully conducted.

Among the nations interested were England, France, Sweden, Belgium, and last, but by no means least, Scotland. Some of these expeditions received financial support from their respective

governments, the majority were largely assisted—some altogether—by public and private subscriptions, while all received the unhesitating approval and support of eminent men of science, and other distinguished and influential men.

At the suggestion of Sir Clements Markham, who at the time was occupying the distinguished position of president of the English Royal Geographical Society, the South Polar Region was divided into four quadrants, not only for convenience of reference, but also because the exploration of the different quadrants could be allotted to different expeditions, so that the proceedings of one expedition should not interfere with, or overlap, the work of another. These quadrants, each of 90 degrees of longitude, were named the Victoria, the Ross, the Enderby and the Weddell.

It was the last-named quadrant that was selected as the scene of the operations of the Scottish Expedition. Its history is now before us, under the modest and unassuming title of "The Voyage of the Scotia." It has been written, not by the commander of the expedition, but by three members of the scientific staff, who have, very properly, dedicated the work to their "Leader and Comrade." It professes to be a true and faithful account of the life and work of the members of the expedition, and, as such, will be read with the keenest interest by those who delight in the perusal of narratives of

adventurous voyages, to parts of the world that have hitherto been somewhat wrapped in the veil of obscurity. Although written in what might be termed a popular style, it is also a very complete and useful record of scientific information, especially in its relation to high southern latitudes.

The last great explorer in those regions, Sir James Ross, who was the first to penetrate, in the interest of science, the ice-clad seas of the Southern Ocean more than sixty years ago, was a Scotsman. His deeds the Scottish navigators of the present day wished to emulate. He was the example they had set themselves to copy. Scotsmen at home and Scotsmen abroad—and it is proverbial that a Scotsman is to be found in every part of the world where life can be sustained—will hail with delight the account of the cruise of the *Scotia*, and will be well pleased and proud of the achievements of their countrymen who served in the Scottish Antarctic Expedition of 1902-3; and this pleasure and pride will also, in a great measure, be shared by those who, fortunately or unfortunately for themselves, live on the south side of the Tweed.

Steam, as a motive power for ships, has wrought a great revolution in ice navigation since the days of Ross: the position reached by that navigator, only after great difficulty and no small danger, in his clumsy old sailing ships, can now with ease be attained by a well-founded steamer, properly constructed and skilfully handled. This has been fully demonstrated in both north and south polar seas during the last thirty years.

The *Scotia*, the ship selected for the enterprise, was a Norwegian whaler named the *Hekla*, and perhaps, under the circumstances, no better selection could have been made, for she was originally designed and built for navigating among the heavy ice floes of the Arctic seas. Many alterations, however, had to be carried out in order to adapt her for the special service on

which she was to be employed, and these were all most satisfactorily executed by the celebrated yacht designer and builder, the late Mr. G. L. Watson, who gave his services gratuitously. The cost of the expedition was defrayed partly by public and partly by private subscription, while gifts of stores, clothing, etc., were generously and liberally supplied by those interested in the welfare and success of the enterprise. The final dispatch of the ship, however, was due to the munificent liberality of Mr. James Coats, of Paisley, who not only guaranteed the funds requisite for the continuance of the work for two seasons, but also generously consented to hold himself responsible for the provision of the money that would be required for the examination of the rich scientific collections that were brought home, and for the subsequent publication of the results.

The *Scotia* was a steam vessel of about 400 tons, bark-rigged, and capable of steaming in smooth water from six to eight knots.

The leader of the expedition was Mr. W. S. Bruce, a gentleman possessing high scientific attainments, and who had already obtained considerable experience both in the North and South Polar Regions. He had also for two years—namely, 1894 to 1896—been in charge of the high-level meteorological observatory station on the summit of Ben Nevis. The remainder of the scientific staff were all specially selected for the practical and theoretical knowledge they possessed in the various branches of science which they were severally appointed to make their special study. The captain of the ship, Capt. Robertson, of Peterhead, was an experienced whaling captain, and had seen much service in polar seas in both hemispheres. The remaining officers of the ship were also experienced ice navigators.

On the upper deck of the *Scotia* various houses had been constructed, and so lighted as to facilitate the delicate



microscopical examinations that would have to be made. All the latest and most up-to-date instruments and apparatus for carrying out systematic oceano-graphical, magnetic, meteorological and other observations were provided, and the vessel was in every way thoroughly prepared, and equipped, for the interesting and important service on which she was to be employed.

Everything being ready, the ship sailed on her eventful voyage on November 2, 1902. A stay of a few days in Kingstown harbor enabled the little vessel to supplement her stores, etc., by the purchase of a few necessities that, in the hurry and confusion incidental to fitting-out, had been inadvertently omitted.

Their short visit to Madeira, after a boisterous and turbulent passage across the Bay of Biscay, was marked by a somewhat amusing incident, causing a display of ignorance on the part of one of the port officials regarding the historical emblem of Scotland! The official in question, after granting practice, which implies permission to land, said that the quarantine flag might be hauled down. "What quarantine flag?" was asked. "Why, that yellow flag up there," was the reply, pointing to the mast-head. He had mistaken the glorious ensign of Scotland, a red lion rampant on a yellow ground, for the flag that is invariably hoisted to denote that some infectious disease is prevalent on board! In consequence of the absence of wind the flag was hanging listlessly up and down the mast, and only the yellow in it was visible! Of course a profuse apology was offered by the official, and readily accepted by those on board.

Madeira was left on the 23d November, from which date a system of regular and continuous observations was commenced and recorded, which was never relaxed until the end of the voyage. The towing net was in constant requisition, and war was ruthlessly waged on all marine animate, and in-

animate, life that was to be found on, or near, the surface of the sea. The density and salinity of the water were carefully recorded, so that a proper knowledge of oceanic circulations might be obtained in order that the direction of the flow and depth of the currents could be accurately established. Meteorological observations were periodically registered. Soundings were occasionally obtained; and, when opportunities offered, the dredge was employed in bringing to the surface rich and rare prizes from the depths of the ocean.

St. Vincent was reached on the 1st of December—the barren, sterile aspect of the island affording a striking contrast to the rich and luxuriant vegetation that clothed the slopes of the hills of Madeira. A run of ten days from the Cape Verde islands brought the Scotia to the isolated rocks of St. Paul's, situated in the middle of the Atlantic, a few miles north of the equator. They are not more than half a mile in circumference, and about sixty feet above the level of the sea. From a geological point of view, they are of the greatest interest; but a sailor regards them from an altogether different standpoint, and invariably gives them a wide berth. The formation of the rock is of a variety that is nowhere seen in any other part of the world. It is a moot-point with geologists as to whether it is of "volcanic or of deep-seated plutonic origin." In consequence of the heavy sea breaking over them, it was impossible to make a close inspection of the rocks in order to obtain specimens. A landing was attempted, but with dire results, as the following account will show. The geologist, Dr. Pirie, was given the honor of being the first to make the attempt. He says:

"The whale boat was packed in as close as was possible and I jumped—but just a fraction of a second too late; the boat had begun to fall with the swell, the take-off was bad, and instead of getting a firm footing, I fell down,

down into the water literally swarming with sharks which had followed the boat up to the rocks. The men were pushing them off with oars and boat-hooks when I came up, luckily, right underneath the boat, and was hauled in by the scruff of the neck by Davidson ere the boat was dashed on the rocks by the succeeding rise, but it was a narrow squeak for all concerned."

The Falkland Islands, which were reached on the 6th January, reminded the gallant navigators of their own dear Scotland—a feeling that was intensified when, on entering Port Stanley, they saw "the peat heaps crowning the heights behind the town, and smelt the peat reek mingled with the fresh odor of land!" A stay of three weeks was made in this far-distant English colony, during which time a series of magnetic observations was taken, coals and provisions were laid in, and all final arrangements made prior to their departure, for they realized this would be the last civilized port they would call at for many a long and weary day.

Inclement weather was experienced after leaving the Falkland Islands, culminating in a gale of hurricane violence, which necessitated the ship being hove-to under reduced canvas, and oil bags were put overboard in order to assist in breaking the violence of the sea. In spite of these precautions, the weather bulwarks were stove in, and the ship sustained other minor damages.

On the 30th January several icebergs were seen, most of them of the tabular form that are characteristic of Antarctic bergs. Constant soundings were taken in depths varying from 1600 to 2700 fathoms. Samples of the bottom were found to consist of diatom ooze, containing hornblende, mica, felspar, and other minerals. On the 2d February the pack ice was reached in lat. 60 deg. 28m. S. and long. 43 deg. 40m. W., becoming, as the ship made progress to the southward, more heavy and

compact, necessitating great skill and caution in handling the ship. Two days later, Saddle Island, in the South Orkneys, was reached and visited by some members of the expedition, who had the gratification of thus claiming to be the first people who had landed on the island since the visit of Dumont d'Urville in the French corvette *Astrolabe* in 1838. Here a large number of ringed penguins were seen, as well as many other birds indigenous to the locality, the island being a favorite resort for the birds in the breeding season.

Continuing their course to the southward, they experienced much difficulty in penetrating the pack, but patience and perseverance were eventually rewarded, for on the evening of the 18th they had the satisfaction of crossing the Antarctic Circle with "all sails set and in a sea clear of ice." All went merrily for a couple of days, when they found the pack so cemented together by young ice of recent formation, that they were reluctantly compelled, in order to avoid the risk of being beset, to retrace their steps to the northward. They had then reached the latitude of 70 deg. 25m., being the most southern position attained that year. The days getting perceptibly shorter, and the nights increasing in length in a corresponding degree, combined with a marked fall of temperature, were sure indications of approaching winter, and it therefore behove them to use every endeavor to find good and secure winter quarters for their ship, as speedily as possible.

During the following six days, the pack was of such an impenetrable nature, they only succeeded in advancing thirty miles in a northerly direction, although they covered a distance of about ten degrees to the west, by adopting, as their course, the line of least resistance from the ice. On the 11th March they recrossed the Antarctic Circle, and after some difficulty and constant buffetings with the pack, they at length succeeded on the 25th in

reaching a large bay on the south side of Laurie Island in the South Orkneys, which appeared to offer all the requisites and advantages of good winter quarters, and here they decided to pass the winter. No better place could have been selected, for in addition to its being a safe and well-protected anchorage it also offered special advantages for the prosecution of scientific research, as we read:

"For meteorology the place was well adapted—on the verge of the winter ice-bound sea, and only some 800 miles from Cape Horn, two circumstances which made it a spot whence observations would be of great importance. Biologically, its position on the border of, and still within, the polar ice, promised collections of peculiar interest both in seals, birds, and marine fauna."

These promises were more than realized and their most sanguine expectations fulfilled.

An exceedingly interesting description, although perhaps somewhat more rosy than the actual facts warranted, is given of their winter quarters; but we get a little insight into the true character of the place from one of the officers of the ship, who, in spite of the glowing eulogium recorded on the natural beauties of the island, stated with perfect candor and honesty, that, in his opinion "the real use for the South Orkneys would be as a penal settlement. For that purpose they were almost ideal. In the summer the convicts would be employed in house building, and in the winter he would keep them busy shoveling snow off the glaziers!"

The writer of the chapter naively concludes it with the remark that "It," the officer's scheme, "is an excellent one, with much to commend it!"

The harbor in which they passed the winter was very appropriately named Scotia Bay.

Three days after their arrival the pack-ice, actuated by a strong and continuous southerly wind, drifted into the bay, and to such an extent as to

cut the ship off from the open sea. A heavy fall of snow had the effect of solidifying the pack in which the Scotia was now completely imprisoned, and she remained held fast in its icy grip for the ensuing winter. This was a great disappointment to all concerned, for it was hoped, and expected, that climatic conditions, and the state of the ice, would not materially interfere with the carrying out of dredging and trawling operations from the ship under weigh, taking into consideration that the position of their winter quarters was more than 300 miles north of the Antarctic Circle. This hope—a very reasonable one—was not fulfilled, for the vessel remained inextricably fixed in the ice, from the early part of April until the following November.

The winter passed pleasantly enough, and was spent in much the same way as is invariably experienced by the members of polar expeditions. Their first object, of course, was to make the ship snug and secure, and as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The sails were unbent, upper spars and all top hamper sent down, boats lowered on to the ice-floe, the engines disconnected, the water pumped out of the boilers, and everything that human ingenuity, or experience, could suggest, was done before the long polar night set in and winter seized them in its frozen grasp. A regular routine of scientific investigations was immediately commenced. By an ingenious, but simple, contrivance dredging operations were frequently carried out, and with very important results, new animals being repeatedly brought to the surface, illustrating very conclusively the fact of the existence, to a very large degree, of marine fauna in Antarctic waters.

"All was fish that came to their net!" nothing was overlooked or thrown away; even the apparent refuse in the dredge was carefully preserved, because it was more than likely to contain minute crustacea, and other marine or-



ganisms. Every one was kept busily employed; during the working hours there was not an idle man on board. Traps, somewhat resembling lobster-pots in their construction, were periodically set at a depth of from 20 to 50 fathoms. These were generally baited with the carcasses of penguins and they yielded valuable prizes, not only from a scientific point of view, but also as new and succulent additions to the daily fare of the members of the expedition, for we are told that "even the greed of the zoologist found satisfaction, and when the cook asked for a supply of fish for breakfast, the zoologist showed himself open to human temptation after all, and several days a-week we all committed the sacrilege of feeding on what was an animal new to science!"

During the month of April thousands of penguins passed, flying northward, and many alighted on the island. A great number were killed for food; their skins were also found useful for clothing, etc. The killing of these birds was only indulged in as a necessity, and was not regarded in the light of sport. We are informed that "the most depraved sportsman could find no sport" in the slaying of these helpless and inoffensive birds killed by a murderous blow on the head with a club; and we are thoroughly in sympathy with the writer who tells us "it was sheer cold-blooded, unskilled murder, whose only excuse was that we were hungry, and needed fresh food to keep us alive and healthy." The killing of seals was also, very properly, regarded in the same light. A careful study of the geological formation of the islands was carried out by Dr. Pirie, who, in spite of many difficulties with which he had to contend, was rewarded by the discovery of interesting fossiliferous impressions and petrifications in the rocks in the neighborhood of Cape Dundas.

The flora of Antarctic lands is limited to only a few lichens and mosses, and therefore botanical research did

not yield any valuable results, in spite of the diligence and energy of the botanist, Mr. Brown. The magnetic and meteorological observations were carefully and systematically carried out during the winter, under the direction of Mr. Mossman, ably assisted by other members of the staff. Tidal measurements were duly recorded, and a survey of the islands, including the adjacent group called Murray Islands, was undertaken during the spring.

On the whole, a pleasant winter was passed. Thanks to the kindness of various publishers at home, they were provided with a good supply of books, sufficient, we are told, to afford them reading occupation for "several years"! They lived in a little world of their own, absolutely indifferent as to what might be occurring at home or in other countries, ignorant of international intrigue, and regardless of wars or political disturbances.

Although they lived in the utmost harmony one with the other, they were not sorry, occasionally, to be employed on some duty or work that necessitated a little solitude. Not, we are carefully informed, because "we are tired of our fellow-creatures, for we all lived on the most amicable of terms, but the occasional solitude which every one requires was seldom obtainable in life in so small a ship as the *Scotia*. We were practically always in sight and hearing of one another."

They went so far as to look upon their inability to escape from the presence of their shipmates as one of the greatest hardships they had to endure! With the exception of one or two American expeditions to the Arctic seas, this so-called "hardship" does not seem to have been experienced by the generality of polar explorers.

In consequence of the intention to leave a small party on the island on the departure of the *Scotia* the following summer, so as to continue without interruption the scientific observations made during the winter, and to render them more complete and therefore more

valuable, it became necessary to construct some sort of habitation in which those left on the island could be accommodated. Fortunately an ample supply of stones lay ready for their use, and by utilizing these they were able to build a stone house some 14 feet square. The services of every member of the expedition were called into requisition in the construction of this building. The walls were no less than 4 to 5 feet thick, so as to "insure safety and permanence," and these were supported by buttresses at each corner. The roof was a very serious consideration, for they were not provided with a plentiful supply of timber.

The difficulty was, however, solved by scraping together various scraps of wood derived from empty boxes and packing-cases, and dovetailing them all together, with which, with the exercise of considerable ingenuity, they contrived to make a fairly efficient roof. The house, when completed, only contained one room, a little over 14 feet square, and from 6 to 8 feet high. It had a small, narrow entrance, and two equally small windows. The floor was made from one of the hatches of the ship, and the furniture was improvised from old packing-cases! It proved a most serviceable, we will not say comfortable, edifice, and the designers and builders were both pleased and proud of the result of the architectural skill and work displayed in its construction. It was called Omond House, in honor of Mr. R. T. Omond, a gentleman who had always taken the keenest interest in the expedition.

Another building, in close proximity to Omond House, to be used as a storehouse and coalshed, was also erected, the walls being composed of filled biscuit boxes, which being all alike in pattern and dimensions were easy to work with! An old whaleboat, which had been condemned by the captain as unseaworthy, formed the roof of this building! On the 1st of November all the meteorological and other instruments were transferred from the ship

to the places prepared for them adjacent to the house, and the hourly observations, hitherto taken on board the *Scotia*, were from that date recorded from the new positions.

The weather during the winter was not altogether all that might be desired—May and June being especially stormy months, with heavy falls of snow. *Scotia Bay* being situated some six degrees north of the Antarctic Circle, those on board the ship, even during the shortest day in the year, never experienced less than five hours of daylight; but the long hours of darkness were quite sufficient to restrict outdoor work, and had a very depressing effect on them all. They do not appear to have experienced any intense cold, but the fluctuations of temperature, due to sudden changes of wind, were very trying. Sometimes a rise, or a fall, of 40 degrees of temperature would occur in a few hours, which had the effect of making the lower temperature appear to be far colder, and the higher far warmer, than they really were.

It is a curious fact that the highest temperature recorded during the time the *Scotia* was in the Antarctic regions was at their winter quarters on the 31st May, only three weeks before the shortest day in the year, and, consequently, midwinter. On this occasion the thermometer registered as high as 46.8 degrees. This abnormal condition of the temperature was, in all probability, due to a Föhn wind that was blowing from the Northwest—a purely local phenomenon caused by the wind being forced down from a high altitude, thus becoming compressed, and consequently warmed. In the spring, sledging expeditions were organized, when some valuable geological information was obtained and some useful surveying work was accomplished, but little of geographical interest was achieved.

Toward the end of August the seals began to collect in large numbers for breeding purposes. They were at that particular time most aggressive, and offered a strong contrast to the lazy,

inoffensive animals that were met with in the autumn. On the approach of any one, they became at once alert and ferocious, and if any attempt was made to capture their young, the parent would rush forward and snap viciously at the intruder. Attempts were made to rear some of the young seals on board the ship, but with no success, for although carefully tended, and fed with preserved milk sucked through an india rubber tube, they invariably died after being in captivity a few days.

Another great event at about the same time was the return of the penguins, which not only gave life and animation to their hitherto dreary surroundings, but was the cause of a very welcome addition to their daily fare in the shape of meat and eggs. Of the latter, the men would collect several thousands in the course of an afternoon, some of which were stowed in barrels for immediate use, while the remainder were packed in salt, and preserved for a future day. They were looked upon as a great luxury by the men, who certainly indulged to a very large extent in their consumption, for we are informed that whether they were boiled, fried, cooked, or raw, in omelettes or scrambled, they would consume on an average as many as fifteen per man per diem! A very interesting description of the habits of the penguins, especially during the pairing and breeding season, is given by Mr. Brown. Their love-making is thus described:

"As soon as the birds arrive at their rookeries, the mates are chosen, and this involves much display and showing off on the part of the male. He stands erect, drawing himself up to his full height, with head thrown back and neck craned upward, then he slowly and impressively waves his flippers several times and emits a long loud cackle; this over, he resumes his normal somewhat squat position, and looks around him to see what impression his charms and powers have had on the onlooking females. This process re-

peated a few times generally results in a couple being paired off, and nest-building then begins. Another very favorite demonstration of affection on the part of a couple is like this: the two stand facing one another, and stretching forward cross their beaks, and then proceed to sway from side to side in unison, uttering the while a shrill, harsh cry."

On the 6th of August a gloom was cast over the little community by the death of their engineer, Mr. Ramsay, who for some time had been suffering from heart-disease, and who passed away peacefully on the above-named date, mourned and regretted by all his comrades. This was the only loss, through death, that was sustained by the expedition.

Although the heavy and constant gales of wind experienced, even as early as the month of August, had a distinct effect on the ice in Scotia Bay, causing a perceptible swell that could be felt in the ship, and which naturally raised the hopes of all on board of the prospect of an early release from the ice, it was not until the 25th November that the pack cleared away and set the little ship free, after an imprisonment of eight long weary months. Leaving a party of six men, including two members of the scientific staff, to take up their abode in Omond House to continue the scientific observations so zealously and so consistently prosecuted during the winter, the Scotia put to sea on the 27th November, and making her way to the northward, without much impediment from the ice, reached the Falkland Islands on the 2d December, where they had the immeasurable pleasure of reading home letters, and gathering information regarding the events that had been happening since their departure ten months before.

A very pleasant week was spent at Stanley, when the Scotia again put to sea, and after experiencing the excitement of taking the ground, and remaining hard and fast for a couple of days at the entrance to the River Plate, they

arrived safely on Christmas Eve at Buenos Ayres. The cause of the grounding of the ship was due to the removal of one of the lightships at the mouth of the river, and their not being aware of this important fact. A month was spent very profitably at Buenos Ayres, where the ship was docked, repaired, coaled, provisioned, and completely refitted, and also in making plans for the prosecution of another summer voyage to the Southern Seas, in order to further extend the work so happily and so prosperously commenced the previous summer.

Satisfactory arrangements were also made with the Argentine Government to take out three gentlemen belonging to that country to reside at Omond House, with the view of establishing a permanent meteorological station in the Far South. This commendable decision of the Government of Argentina was in a great measure due to the energetic enthusiasm of Mr. W. G. Davies, the head of the Meteorological Office, who fully realized the importance of such an establishment in a high southern latitude. On the 21st of January, 1903, the little Scotia, with her complement augmented by the three Argentine scientists, again put to sea. The Falkland Islands were revisited, and a most interesting general description of those islands is given by Mr. Brown, more especially with reference to the natural history of the group.

Scotia Bay was reached on the 14th February, and those on board were rejoiced to find the party they had left at Omond House all in good health and spirits, and very pleased to see their comrades again. A week was spent at their old winter quarters, during which time they were fully occupied in landing the stores for those who were to be left in possession, fixing a new roof to the house, and otherwise making the place comfortable. Dr. Pirie and his party returned on board, being relieved by Mr. Mossman, the three Argentine gentlemen, and one of the crew of the Scotia, all of whom had volunteered

to remain in the South Orkneys for the ensuing winter.

Chapter XI., written by Dr. Pirie, gives an account of the landing-party from the time the Scotia sailed until her return. Much useful scientific work was accomplished, and much valuable information in many branches of science was obtained during the time they were landed. In his notes concerning the penguins he estimated that, at a moderate computation, each "rookery" (the name given to their breeding-places) contained at least 200,000 birds, and as there were many "rookeries" in the neighborhood, the number of birds congregated on the island must have been incalculable. On an average, there was a nest to every square yard! The nests were made of a few pebbles scraped together in a very rough and primitive fashion. Each contained two eggs, though occasionally three were found in one nest. The snowy petrel and Cape pigeon also had their nesting-places in the group. The eggs of the last-named bird had never before been found, and were therefore new to science. Collecting the eggs of these birds was by no means pleasant work, for, in common with the petrel, they had the disgusting habit of ejecting the oily contents of their stomachs at the intruder, the noisome stench from which clung persistently to their clothes for a long time.

The Scotia bade farewell to those remaining in Scotia Bay on February 21, and steering to the southward, commenced her second voyage of discovery.

Six days later she crossed the Antarctic Circle, with only loose streams of ice in sight.

On the 1st of March their track of the preceding year was crossed, and good progress was made under sail alone, in a sea perfectly free of ice, where the year before they had met with an impenetrable pack. These wonderful and complete changes in the positions of pack-ice are by no means unusual in Polar seas. On the following day, however, their further progress

was checked by the ice in latitude 72 deg. 18m., when within sight of what at first was reported to be land, but which proved to be a lofty ice barrier, rivalling in height and extent, and very similar in appearance to the famous barrier of ice discovered by Ross in 1840, and recently seen and investigated by the English Antarctic Expedition under Captain Scott. They were able to trace this great wall of ice, rising to a vertical height of 100 to 150 feet, to a point estimated to be about 150 miles to the south of the position where they had first sighted it. The summit of this great inland ice, of which the barrier was the terminal face, appeared to rise in gradually undulating slopes until lost in height and distance in the sky. In one place there was the appearance of the outline of what was assumed to be distant hills. The belief in the proximity of land was strengthened by finding a depth of only 159 fathoms of water at a distance of two and a half miles from the barrier. The presence of innumerable birds, such as penguins, terns, skuas, petrels, etc., seemed also sure indications of the near presence of land. Acting on the assumption that what they saw was in reality new land, they gave it the name of "Coats Land," in honor of Mr. James Coats and Major Andrew Coats, the two principal subscribers to the Expedition. Not doubting for a moment its actual existence, they write, "Whether it is a large island or a part of the Antarctic continent remains for future explorers to finally decide, but the latter hypothesis seems the more probable one."

This discovery is, from a geographical point of view, exceedingly interesting, and of the highest importance as limiting the extent of the Weddell Sea, and increasing very considerably the size of the great Antarctic continent.

On the 7th the Scotia encountered a furious northwest gale, which had the effect of driving the ship into the heavy pack-ice, in which she was completely beset—their position at the time be-

ing 74 deg. 1m., the highest latitude that they attained. Their situation in the pack was not an enviable one: the ice was exceedingly heavy, and the ship was severely handled by it, causing her timbers to creak and groan in a most ominous and alarming way. However, after a week's besetment the ship was fortunately liberated, and pursued her voyage to the Northeast. Deep-sea soundings and dredgings were continued, and with gratifying results.

On one occasion, at a depth of 1400 fathoms, no less than sixty separate species of animal life were obtained in one haul! At such a great depth, where all is darkness, hundreds of fathoms below the limit of the penetration of the rays of the sun, the majority of the animals brought to the surface were either totally blind, or were provided with eyes of enormous size which probably magnified to an extraordinary degree their visual power.

As they proceeded northward they experienced exceptionally boisterous weather, accompanied by heavy seas, in which the little Scotia rolled and pitched in a most uncomfortable manner. It is recorded on one occasion that she rolled 56 degrees to starboard and 43 degrees to port, thus oscillating through an arc of practically 100 degrees! Recording observations with delicate instruments under such conditions, may be better imagined than described. No ice was seen after April 5; and on the 21st they reached the unfrequented little island of Diego Alvarez (now called Gough Island), situated in the South Atlantic, almost midway between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. A most interesting day was spent investigating the fauna and flora of this tiny island. All were in raptures with the "shady nooks," the "mossy grottoes," the "springy turf," the "grassy banks," and, above all, they felt "the joy of mingling again with the abundance of nature, of treading on land, and drinking in the smell of earth," so different to what they had



been accustomed to on the sterile shores of the South Orkneys.

Cape Town was reached on the 5th of May, where they were all most cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Leaving Table Bay on the 17th, the Expedition called at Saldanha Bay, thence touching at the islands of St. Helena, Ascension (of which excellent and interesting descriptions are given), and Fayal, reached home in July, where, it is needless to add, they were accorded that warm and enthusiastic reception at the hands of their countrymen, which they so well and so deservedly merited. Not the least gratifying acknowledgment of their services was the receipt of the following telegram from Lord Knollys:

"I am commanded by the King to congratulate you and the officers and crew of the *Scotia* on your and their safe return, and on the completion of your important additions to the scientific knowledge and discoveries in the southeastern part of the Weddell Sea."

This brings to an end the "*Voyage of the Scotia*," an expedition well conceived and excellently conducted. The concluding chapters of the book comprise a narrative of the work performed by the party left behind in *Scotia Bay*, to continue the hourly meteorological observations, and to com-

plete the series of magnetic observations commenced during the first winter; also to add to the natural history collections previously made. This party was relieved on the 31st December, 1903, by the Argentine gunboat *Uruguay*, which had been specially dispatched by the Argentine Government to convey a party to the South Orkneys for the purpose of relieving Mr. Mossman and those with him. The *Uruguay*, it may be noted, was the same vessel that had the previous year rescued the Swedish Expedition, under Nordenskjöld, from *Grahamland*.

The "*Voyage of the Scotia*" is not the least meritorious of the many books that have been written descriptive of life in the Polar Regions, and will surely take its place as a very welcome, as well as a useful, addition to South Polar literature. There is not a dull page in the book; each one teems with interest, and is delightful reading. Every incident, and more especially those relating to what may be termed the manners and customs of bird-life in the South Orkneys, is most graphically described, and is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The maps are excellent, and will assist very materially in enabling the reader to follow the *Scotia* in her interesting voyage to Antarctic Seas.



## The Frenchwomen of the Salons.

By MRS. HYLTON DALE.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

**W**HY is it that the Frenchwomen of the salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were so celebrated?

Because they were the most superb hostesses the world has ever known, and because they inspired men.

Now in what lay the supreme art of these queens of entertainers? They did not give music to their guests, not always dinner or supper (some were too poor for this); most of them were neither young nor beautiful; they were not well or thoroughly educated as a rule, and some were by no means rich. One of them was blind. Yet, whether they were rich or poor, old or young, pretty or plain, well educated or ill educated, they were great social queens, whom it was a privilege to know, and the entree to whose salons was regarded as the hall-mark of distinction and merit, where the guests were sure to be happy, cheered, soothed, stimulated and admired. The secret of the success of these great women (for they were great in a small world) was that they possessed the supreme qualities of tact, charm and sympathy—qualities of the soul which enabled them to draw out all that was best, finest, noblest in men. They appealed to the inner man and not merely to the senses. To do this in perfection required the most exquisite gifts of mind and heart. No fool could possibly do it. Beauty, riches, birth, rank, all admirable adjuncts it is true, were of no avail without the spiritual force which enabled

these women to illuminate the spirit of their guests. In proportion as they possessed this spiritual force, their power and influence existed.

Shenstone says, "There is a quality in which no woman in the world can compete with a Frenchwoman, it is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool." If of a fool, then how much more of the really gifted! Now the women of the salons possessed this quality of intellectual irritation in a superlative degree. They never tried to show off their own cleverness, but always the cleverness of others. With this object in view, they led the conversation, putting in an adroit question or remark occasionally, but always with the idea of leading up to the special subject and displaying the talents peculiar to each man present. The French have always excelled in conversation, but Madame de Staël said that no one who had not heard it before the Great Revolution of 1789 could know what conversation really was.

It was Madame de Rambouillet who originated the salon, and made it the power it was for 250 years. It was in her salon that the custom originated of authors (who until then were poor, and more or less miserable and despised) reading out their poems to the assembled guests. Such a thing had never been seen before, of literary men being received as equals by the great world, after being gently taught good manners, encouraged to stand upright,

instead of humbly bending their backs; of boldly expressing their opinions, instead of speaking "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," thankful even for kicks, if they were allowed to pick up the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. It was in this salon that the works of Corneille were first discussed and appreciated, although it must be confessed that the great man was a fearful bore in the salon, and read his own plays abominably. Fénelon was one of its chief ornaments. It was here too that Bossuet, at the age of seventeen, improvised a magnificent discourse one evening on a given subject that held the company spellbound to midnight. "I have never heard any one preach so early or so late," said the witty Voiture.

Let us always honor Madame de Rambouillet for being the first of the noblesse to admit into her magnificent hotel—which she designed herself, by-the-bye—men, who for the first time enjoyed the sweets of consideration, gentleness and peace. Voiture, Esprit, Malherbe, the laureate of the salon, who always remained boorish, "a toothless gallant, always spitting," in spite of every polite influence, but who wrote excellent poetry; Marin, who wrote a poem of 45,000 verses called "Adonis"; Chapelain, who wrote "La Pucelle," and who was shabby and dirty to the last in spite of all the efforts of the Marquise to reform him, but who was an encyclopedia of knowledge and consulted by the savants of every country in Europe; Ménage, Conrart, the first perpetual secretary of the Académie Française; Godeau, the dashing little gallant; Colletet, the clever drunkard, besides the greater lights of Corneille, Fénelon, Bossuet, Balzac (not Honoré de), Richelieu, Condé, Pascal, Arnauld and La Rochefoucauld.

Literary merit all must have, or they were not admitted. This was the distinguishing feature of the salon. Possessing this, Madame drew them all in, compelled the frivolous to consider se-

rious things, and the pedants to remember they were men first and authors afterwards, and also that there is a light side of life as well as a solid one, that the gazelle has its uses as well as the elephant. For thirty years in her historic Salon Bleu she held her court. She turned refinement into a fine art, and all of talent, wit or birth, who came in contact with her, were impressed by it. She had exquisitely refined tastes, and possessed a Greek love of beauty in all its forms. She was adored as a model of courtesy, wisdom, knowledge and sweetness.

It was in Madame de Rambouillet's salon that the French language, as at present spoken, was first brought to completion and perfection. It had been corrupted by many ignoble modes of speech, and there was an excessive amount of Rabelaisian coarseness, which Madame de Rambouillet and her "precieuses" determined to put down. That this eventually led, after many years, to affectation, we know. But even this had its uses in inspiring Molière to write his wittily sarcastic comedies "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," which hold the stage even now, and have contributed to the gaiety of nations. The affectations passed away, the good results in purifying the most fascinating language in the world remain to this day.

As regards the purification of manners, this salon has been called "the cradle of good manners in France," and well it deserved the title. I cannot give instances of the worst cases of bad manners even amongst the great ones of the court, but I will mention a few of the less gross cases, which are quite bad enough. The Comte de Breghis, at a dance, once received a slap from his partner, and retaliated by pulling her hair down in the middle of a banquet. At supper, at a big reception, the Marquis de la Case seized a leg of mutton from a dish and beat a lady on the head with it, and smeared



her dress with gravy. The lady treated it as a huge joke.

At the court of Louis the Thirteenth the people were sometimes admitted to have the inestimable privilege of seeing the king dine. One day a young woman stared at him too fixedly, he thought; so he took a mouthful of wine, and squirted it all over her bare throat and bosom. The "precieuses" compelled men to treat them with decency, and to respect their sex by selecting topics of conversation fit for the ears of civilized women. It was a mighty enterprise, and no one can measure the transformation they effected in manners without making a minute examination of the indecency of the day, which is not edifying reading, especially for the young, so I should advise it to be taken as read.

Even La Grande Mademoiselle, niece of Louis the Thirteenth, destined herself later on to hold a salon of no mean influence, heiress to vast wealth and estates, the heroine of the Fronde, who fired the cannon from the Bastille, and saved the great Condé from destruction, first learned good manners at Madame de Rambouillet's, and was thankful for it. At first she was a regular dragon in petticoats, and swore like a Cossack. She threatened to tear out the beard of the Marechal de l'Hopital with her own hands, and her ladies followed suit in roughness and brutality. La Grande Mademoiselle ended by adoring Madame de Rambouillet, and set the example in her own salon of good manners and refinement. It was she who first introduced the fashion of writing sketches of the characters of the people around her, always so popular with the French, and so admirably treated by La Bruyere in his "Caracteres" (now a classic), and in more modern times by that most accomplished writer and critic Sainte-Beuve. Madame de Verbins killed one of her servants by excessive beating, and the people of Paris sacked her palace for it.

I quote as an example of the bad man-

ners of man to man the celebrated Duc d'Epemon, who, when discussing official affairs with the Archbishop of Bordeaux, hit him in the face with his fist, and gave him several cuts with his cane.

It was in Madame de Rambouillet's salon that the celebrated French Academy first saw the light. Richelieu issued letters patent entitling it to call itself "The French Academy, because its express purpose was to preserve and improve the French language." The French Academy still exercises the same protective influence on French language and literature.

To the salon of Mademoiselle de Scudery, the authoress of many ten-volume novels, and who was a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge, I can only briefly allude, but at her celebrated Samedis (which we should now call her at-home days) the grand monde and the literary world thronged as they used to do at her great predecessor's. She was never good-looking, but was endowed with charm as well as talents. She refused many offers of marriage, and died at the age of ninety-four, with the reputation of never deserting a friend, and notably the great Condé's family after the reverses of the Fronde. Among her friends were Madame de Sablé, a celebrated saloniere herself; the Marquis de Montausier and his wife, who was the celebrated Julie d'Angennes, daughter of Madame de Rambouillet; La Rochefoucauld, Madame La Fayette, Madame de Sevigne, Madame Scarron, one day to be the wife of Louis the Fourteenth, known as Madame de Maintenon; the witty Madame Cornuel, who called the eight generals appointed after the death of Turenne "la petite monnaie pour Turenne," and also said of our James the Second "that the Holy Spirit had eaten up all his understanding," and many more. The tenth Muse, as Mademoiselle de Scudery was called, seems to have had a very happy, cheery nature, free from the pessimism which dark-

ened the minds of so many of her sister salon-holders.

Of Madame de Sevigne, another salon-holder, Mademoiselle de Scudery wrote: "She inspires affection in all hearts that are capable of feeling it. Nobody else has ever better known the art of being graceful without affectation, witty without malice, modest without constraint, and virtuous without severity." Madame de Sevigne's great passion was for her daughter, Madame de Grignan, a beautiful, odious creature, who was as much disliked as her mother was adored, and who left her mother to die of smallpox alone, for fear of catching the infection. It was to this daughter she wrote those thirty years of incomparable letters, celebrated as the most delightful and spirituelles epistles even a Frenchwoman ever produced.

Space does not allow allusion to the host of minor salons that soon sprang up, interesting as these were. We must pass on rapidly to the great ones of the eighteenth century, and first of all to that of the Marquise Du Deffand. Not well educated, and married very young to a man "with whom she had nothing in common," she at first drifted into the dissolute set of the Regent, and was introduced to his "petits soupers," but she was too good for him, and soon wearied a mere sensualist. She seems early to have been disillusioned with society and life. Ennui followed her steps all her days.

It was not until she was well over fifty that she opened her salon, which at once became a noted center for the great ones of the earth. D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Pont de Veyle, Chevalier d'Aydie, Froment, La Harpe, Marmontel, Dorat, Saurin, Beaumarchais, Edward Gibbon, Fox, Burke, Horace Walpole, and many other men of letters frequented her salon. Yet she said later: "I have seen many savants and men of letters; I have not found their society delightful." Brilliant, fascinating, charming, restless, eager, sceptical and saturated by the

free-thinking spirit of her age, she seems all her life to have been as a ship without a rudder. She desired to be religious, as the state of the greatest happiness in the world, but with her sceptical nature it was impossible.

She was not the lifelong friend of Voltaire for nothing. She herself has been dubbed "*La femme Voltaire*." The President Hérault loved her all his life. All her unhappiness lay in the fact that she could not love, she could not forget herself, and could not believe her friends loved her, judging from the lack of love in her own heart. Although surrounded by adoring friends to extreme old age, she always doubted their love for her, and made herself wretched by her cold, dry, sceptical spirit. She loved with her head rather than her heart. She lacked what modern people call temperament, and others a harder name. She allowed her cold analytical spirit to spoil all her belief in goodness and disinterestedness. Yet she, who doubted the friendship of all her friends to herself, was ever a warm and devoted friend of others. It was her misfortune, not her fault, she could not love.

In 1754 she became totally blind, and this was the direct cause of another future famous salon-holder coming on the scene, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. An illegitimate daughter of a great lady, whose half-brother and half-sister embittered her life, she was very glad to accept an offer from Madame Du Deffand to become her companion and reader. Madame Du Deffand warned her before she came to her that she could not brook the smallest deceit or unstraightforward conduct. The two women lived together for ten years, at first with contentment, but afterwards with difficulty, which led to an open rupture. Madame Du Deffand was accustomed to turn night into day, and consequently kept her bedroom until six o'clock in the evening; then she descended to her salon. One day, on coming down earlier than usual, she found Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse holding a

salon of her own, which was frequented by the most celebrated men of Madame Du Deffand's set. Loud were her outcries of ingratitude and deceit, and not without reason. The two women parted for ever. The friends of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, who was almost entirely without means, insured her a small pension, and then the celebrated salon in the Rue Belle Chasse was opened, and the triumphs of ten wonderful years began. Madame Du Deffand told her great friend D'Alembert, the chief ornament of her salon, he must choose between her and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, and he went over to the younger woman, whom he loved with passionate devotion, and whose premature death, ten years later, practically killed him.

In 1765, when Madame Du Deffand was sixty-eight years of age, she made the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, son of the English Prime Minister, and who strongly resembled herself in tastes and character, with one notable exception—that he was never bored, and was interested in everything around him. The warmest possible friendship sprang up between this accomplished man of the world and the famous Marquise, and on her side this friendship developed into passionate love. She loved him with the whole pent-up passion of a lifetime. Nature has curious ways of avenging herself for self-suppression or retarded development.

Horace Walpole was under fifty years of age, and although as devoted in spirit as a man of his stamp could be to the blind, sad, but still brilliant woman, he was terribly afraid of being ridiculed for the love a woman over sixty bore him, but at the same time he never allowed this fear to make him brutal to her, to quench the friendship he felt for her, or his delighted appreciation of her society. The two had the very strongest mental affinity for each other, and it was a cruel stroke of fate not to allow them to meet earlier in life. Oh! the pity of it, that

everything in life comes too late! Horace Walpole never married (he lived to the age of eighty), and there is no doubt no woman ever affected him or charmed him as much as the Marquise Du Deffand. Her letters to him, filling two thick volumes (of course dictated to her faithful secretary Wiart), are most interesting and wonderful reading, only surpassed in their turn by those of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse to the Comte de Guibert.

Courted to the last of her long life by the finest society in France, Europe and England, Madame Du Deffand was devoured to the last by ennui, and is a striking instance of the futility of charm and intelligence to give personal happiness, unless combined with religion, or a strong sense of duty to humanity.

"Vous voulez (she wrote to Walpole) que j'espère vivre quatre-vingt-dix ans! Ah! Mon Dieu, quelle mauvaise espérance! Ignorez-vous que je déteste la vie, que je me déteste d'avoir tant vécu, et que je ne me console point d'être née? Je ne suis point faite pour ce monde-ci; je ne sais pas s'il y a un autre; quel qu'il puisse être, je le crains. Vous êtes en droit de me dire, 'Contentez-vous de vous ennuyer, abstenez-vous d'ennuyer les autres.'"

Again:

"Je suis bien fâchée d'être aussi ignorante, d'avoir été si mal élevée, de n'avoir aucun talent ou de n'être pas bête et manger du foin. Cette dernière manière serait peut-être la meilleure; je m'ennuyerais moins, je dormirais mieux et je n'aurais pas de mauvaises digestions."

Again:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! qu'il y a peu de gens supportables, mais de gens qui plaisent il n'y en a point. Je trouve tout le monde détestable."

And this was said by the most courted, the most flattered, and in spite of her faults, one of the most beloved women in a country where women have always been most beloved and have always had enormous influence.

The Marquise suffered from malady of the soul with its ennui, egoism, doubt and despair, and which made her life so dramatic, although it was entirely destitute of events. When her faithful secretary Wiart wept at her

deathbed, she exclaimed, "You love me, then!" She died as she had lived, doubting. To Walpole she confided her pet dog, which got fat and died of old age, at his house at Strawberry Hill.

The malady of the soul of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse rendered her life still more tragic and insupportable, and killed her prematurely at the age of forty-three. Her passionate love for the Comte de Guibert, following immediately on the top of her equally profound feeling for the Marquis de Mora (son of the Spanish Ambassador to France), and who adored her, combined with the morbid remorse she felt at loving another while her first lover was dying, burned out her life. Her letters to the Comte de Guibert are the most extraordinary monument to passion existing in any language. The intensity, power and feverish height of this terrible passion cannot be surpassed. Sainte-Beuve says that to-day "Posterity classes the book in the series of immortal paintings and testimonies of passion, of which there is not so great a number that we cannot count them. Amongst those of Sappho, Phædra, Dido, Ariadne, Héloïse, Manon Lescaut, the letters of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse are in the first rank." As a trait peculiarly French, it may be mentioned that these immortal letters to Monsieur de Guibert were published after his death by his wife.

"*Mon ami* (Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse wrote), in the days when people believed in witchcraft, I should have explained all that you have made me experience by saying that you had the power to throw a spell over me. I owe it to you that I have tasted that pleasure which intoxicates the soul to the point of taking from it all feelings of pain and sorrow."

The Comte de Guibert, who was also the first love of another celebrated woman, Madame de Staël, was a brilliant society man, of great charm, of showy, superficial gifts, of whom great things had been expected and predicted, but which never came to pass. The Marquis de Mora was infinitely his superior, and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse knew it. Both men were

more than ten years her junior. She wrote to Monsieur de Guibert constantly of De Mora "as the most tender, the most perfect, the most charming being who ever existed, who abandoned to me his soul, his thought, and all his existence. I still owe to him all that my heart can feel that is most consoling, most tender, regrets and tears. His prepossession, his passion for me raised me to his level. *Mon Dieu!* how have I fallen! how sunken I am! but he never knew it."

And again:

"You have charmed me and rent my soul alternately. Never did I find you more lovable, more worthy of being loved; and never have I been so penetrated with deep and poignant and bitter sorrow at the memory of M. de Mora. Why do you rend me and comfort me at the same moment? Why this fatal mixture of pleasure and pain, of balm and passion?"

"All this acts with too much violence on a soul that passion and misfortune have overwrought; all this is completing the destruction of a body exhausted by illness and want of sleep. It is by you or by Death that I must be relieved, or cured forever; all the world, all Nature, can do nothing for me.

"You think that there is no degree of passion beyond that I have shown you. I answer that you know not everything, and that there are no words to express the force of a passion which feeds itself on tears and remorse, and desires but two things—to love or to die. There is nothing of that in books, *mon ami*. I spent an evening with you that would seem exaggerated if read in the pages of Prevost, the man who has best known all that passion has of sweet and terrible."

And when she was dying:

"I would, *mon ami*, that during the few days I have to live you should not pass a single one without remembering that you are loved to madness by the most unhappy of human beings. *Mon ami*, come and dine to-morrow with Madame Geoffrin. I have so little time to live that nothing you can do for me could have consequences in the future. *Adieu!* I have company in my room. Ah! how irksome it is to live in society when one has but one thought."

All the three years this passion was at this pitch of frenzy and delirium, it was unknown to the world around her; even devoted D'Alembert, who loved her with the same passion she did De

Guilbert, and who resided in the same house (there were ten families in the house) with her, never suspected it. Every night she, the most celebrated woman in Paris, presided from 5 to 9 or 10 in her salon, where all that Paris had of the most illustrious invariably assembled. She was too poor to give her guests either dinner or supper, but she gave them that which was infinitely better, the very best social intercourse the world has ever known. Marmontel said:

"Never was conversation more lively, more brilliant than at her house. The continued activity of her soul was communicated to our souls. The brains she stirred at will were neither feeble nor frivolous; the Condillacs and Turgots were among them. D'Alembert was like a simple docile child beside her. Her talent for casting out a thought and giving it for discussion to men of that class, her own talent for discussing it with precision, sometimes with eloquence; her talent for bringing forward new ideas, and varying the topic, with the facility and ease of a fairy—who with one touch of her wand can change the scene of her enchantment—these talents were not those of an ordinary woman."

Grimm says the same of her: "that she knew how to unite the different styles of mind without appearing to make the slightest effort. No one knew better how to do the honors of her house. She put every one in his place, and every one was content with it. She had great knowledge of the world, and that species of politeness which is the most agreeable—I mean that which has the tone of personal interest."

Was she beautiful? No, she was never that, and Grimm said her face was never young, but she had the greatest charm a face can have—a most varied and expressive countenance.

Up to the last she held her salon. Outwardly the charming, great, though suffering hostess, inwardly her life was all drama—not that of the stage, but the inexhaustible one of pure personal emotion and sensation. No wonder such a strain killed her. Her last words in her last letter to De Guilbert were, "Adieu, *mon ami!* If ever I returned to life, I would employ it in

loving you—but now there is no time." Her influence had been enormous. With the great D'Alembert, the chief of the Encyclopedists, and their perpetual secretary, one of the most celebrated men of the age, she could do as she pleased. She influenced the election of the Academicians, and helped to inspire the Encyclopedists in their efforts to reform society. But her chief interest to women especially lies in herself, in her birth, her unhappy life, above all her unhappy love. In reading her life one can truly reflect: "Happy is the woman who has no history."

Another great salon-holder, outwardly cold, calm and austere, but inwardly full of the deepest and most passionate feeling, was Madame Necker, wife of the celebrated Minister of State and financier, and mother of the famous Madame de Staël. She was one of the few great salon-holders who had all the gifts of the gods, youth, beauty, education, wealth, position, religion, a devoted and faithful husband, an adoring child. Yet she was no happier than any of her celebrated predecessors, and seems to have inspired less love than any of them, and much more criticism. She was what Sainte-Beuve calls "*une fleur transplantée.*" Strongly religious (she was the daughter of a Swiss pastor), she was destined to be the hostess of free-thinkers and philosophers. Of austere life, and passionately devoted to her husband at a period when marital love was sneered at, she was surrounded by such brilliant profligates as the Abbé Galiani, Diderot, the incomparable *mauvais sujet*, founder of the French Encyclopedia, and the rest. Diderot, although always more at home with the Bacchante than the Virgin, appreciated the purity of soul of Madame Necker, and criticised himself and his defects to her. Adoring her husband, she did not understand or fathom his nature, and passionately deplored this, and when he was more fully understood by their brilliant and vivacious daughter, who



worshipped both her parents equally, she wore herself out with passionate regrets and doubts about her capacity for retaining affection, or as to the reality of the love they felt for her.

There was a somber jealousy, none the less real for being unacknowledged, of the affection of the brilliant being, her daughter and her husband. Madame Necker wanted to be all in all to those she loved. The melancholy and morbidity of this too conscientious creature, who forced herself to do everything from a sense of duty, and not because she liked it (she opened her salon for her husband's sake), were merely another development of that ennui which devoured the souls of so many in that voluptuous age—*l'ennui, fils du plaisir*—and which, when idealized as with Madame Necker, turned to melancholy, reverie and extreme emotional sensibility. She and her husband were almost unique examples, in that age, of virtue and passion in marriage, true disciples of another great Swiss, Rousseau, who never ceased talking of passion and virtue although he was incapable of feeling one or of practicing the other.

Madame Necker's devoted friend of twenty years' standing was Thomas, her greatest woman friend the exquisite little Duchesse de Lauzun, granddaughter of the Marechal de Luxembourg, in her day a fashionable saloniere. Another of her great friends was Madame D'Houdetot, the friend of Rousseau, also Madame Geoffrin, who scolded her for her excessive sensibility—always a mark of friendship with the old lady—and who, when she came to see her, brought her comfortable chair with her. It appears that one day little Germaine Necker beat Madame Geoffrin because she wanted to sit in the chair herself. Madame Geoffrin took no offense, but, the next time she came, brought some bonbons for the child, and a whip for the mother. Madame Du Deffand also came occasionally, but she did not care for people who were too virtuous. She

said of Necker that he was "distrain et abstrait," was lacking in the quality which brings out the esprit of those with whom he spoke, so that one felt plus bete with him than with any one else, or, with one's self. He was, therefore, exactly the opposite of these women who held the salons.

Madame Necker's salon was more joyous later on, when her daughter Germaine's brilliant genius and dominant personality enlivened it. Madame de Staël was the true daughter of the Neckers, both mentally and spiritually, as well as in the flesh. She was undoubtedly the greatest woman-genius the world ever produced, and the equal of the most intellectual men of her day. But I do not intend to dwell long on her to-day. She would require a whole paper to herself. She exerted an enormous influence by her ideas and writings. She was the pioneer of modern history. She introduced Germany and Italy to Europe. She could do everything, and do it splendidly. But a salon-holder, in the accepted sense, she was not. She did not want to listen to others, she wished to talk herself.

Her influence politically was so great that Napoleon banished her from France. She never ceased attacking his policy after he became Emperor, and Napoleon brooked no criticism. So her fierce and futile opposition brought her ten bitter years of exile from her adored Paris, when she either ate her heart out at Coppet, or wandered over the Continent or England, being everywhere received as a brilliant queen, putting all women in the shade and most men. She has inspired an enormous amount of writing, even more than she wrote, for she gave birth to more original ideas than any women who ever lived. But her genius was too universal for her to confine it exclusively to a salon. As S. G. Tallentyre epigrammatically puts it, "the other salonieres made their salons their world. It was only this one who attempted to make the world her salon."



From Madame de Staël one passes at once to her friend Madame Récamier, her beautiful Juliette as she always called her, and whose beauty, grace and charm she adored and was never tired of praising. Madame de Récamier was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman of that day. She had small features, a beautiful vermillion mouth, a dazzling complexion and soft fine skin. She was a complete contrast in every way to Madame de Staël, who was heavy in appearance and feature, although her eyes—the eyes of genius—were magnificent, and her bust and shoulders beyond criticism. At receptions, Madame de Récamier's presence always caused intense excitement. People stood upon chairs to look at her. One of Napoleon's brothers, Lucien, fell desperately in love with her, and even Napoleon tried to make love to her, but without success.

It was after the Restoration that Madame Récamier held her salon, and was visited in her modest abode at the Abbaye aux Bois (for Monsieur Récamier had lost all his fortune) by all the most noted men and women in Europe. Was it for her beauty she was so beloved? Scarcely that alone. Madame de Sévigné's daughter was very beautiful, but was universally detested. It was not for her intellect, for no one called her clever. It was not for her money, for she had none. It was for her gentle and tender sympathy, which radiated from her involuntarily as light from the sun; it was her soft charm, and the soothing influence she exercised upon men of genius, even the most irritable. Her charm was like the fragrance of a flower, involuntary, invisible, all-powerful and all-extending. She was incapable of passion, unlike Madame de Staël, who was all fire and passion. Otherwise, she could never have exercised the tranquil, soothing influence she did—notably on the celebrated Chateaubriand, who visited her daily, and at whose deathbed she wept so much that her eyes became per-

manently affected. People went to see her because they felt happy with her. No wife ever became jealous of her.

Prince Augustus of Prussia loved her for thirty years, and passionately desired the dissolution of her nominal marriage to M. Récamier and union with himself. But she had not sufficient character to make such a change in her life, and leave Paris. Prince Augustus traveled hundreds of miles to meet her on one occasion, but she did not keep the tryst. Although pierced to the heart by such indifference, he never upbraided her. "The ring you gave me will go with me to my grave," he wrote to her. He married, but he never forgot her. At his death her portrait was returned to her. She did not and could not reciprocate passionate love. She could only inspire it, and perhaps this was intended to be her metier. To inspire pure and unselfish love in men who were neither pure nor unselfish; to raise their morale by bringing out the poetry of their natures, rather than the sensual; to inspire them with an appreciation of the refined and beautiful in woman, without any hope of possession; to arouse their chivalry for weakness, must have had an elevating influence on the libertines of the day who had merely regarded women as an object of pleasure or desire, but now realized something of the influence and beauty of that which is always unattainable—namely, the ideal.

Madame Necker, Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier follow each other in direct connection, but I must go back a few years and speak, last but not least, of one more salon-holder, and truly the most wonderful of them all, namely Madame Geoffrin.

A bourgeoisie of the bourgeoisie (her father had been a valet de chambre), married to a rich middle-class man, yet she reigned as a social queen before the Revolution, in one of the most aristocratic and exclusive societies the world has ever known. She was not received at court, she was not young, or beautiful, or well educated. She

could never spell properly, but had been taught to read, and to read much, by her clever old grandmother, who brought her up, but who otherwise refused to allow her to be educated, saying that she herself had done very well without education, and she considered if her granddaughter were clever she could do without it, too, and if stupid, education would only make her conspicuous.

Above all, she began life with a definite aim, namely a persistent determination to establish her salon. It was not merely a wish, but an intention to do it, and she had sufficient strength of character to carry it through. It is said that the gifted but ever infamous Madame de Tencin (the reputed mother of D'Alembert, whom she left as a baby on the steps of a church) gave her lessons in the art "*de tenir salon*." She was gifted with the very finest social sense, and a dominant passion for consideration. Horace Walpole said she had more common sense than any woman he had ever met. She was very generous. She helped every one; she paid Poniatowski's debts, helped Mademoiselles de l'Espinasse, Morellet, Thomas and other writers magnificently. She delighted in giving costly presents to friends, and made up little bags of money for the poor on Sundays. She avoided all passions and controversies, and disliked unhappy people about her. She would not be overshadowed by gloomy people.

Her salon was one of the institutions of the eighteenth century. Princes, ambassadors, artists, savants, philosophers, men of letters, beautiful women thronged her rooms. She gave a dinner once a week to artists like Boucher, Vanloo, Vernet, and also another dinner weekly to literary men such as Marmontel, Holbach, D'Alembert, Gibbon, Hume, Walpole. To these dinners only one woman was admitted, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. What art she displayed in selecting her, the one woman of all who knew how to make men talk their best, and who, like

herself, knew how to listen! Beautiful girls and women confided in her. Stanislas Poniatowski, who afterward became King of Poland, she called her son. "Mamma, your son is king," he wrote to her from Poland. "Come and see him." She went, and her whole journey was like a royal procession. Extraordinary honors were paid to her. Maria Theresa received her at Schönbrunn. Princes made her fine speeches, and in Poland its King honored her as a dutiful son—a French son—does a beloved mother. She received the crowning triumph of her wonderful life.

"This tour finished [she wrote to D'Alembert], I feel I shall have seen enough of men and things to be convinced that they are everywhere about the same. I have my storehouse of reflections and comparisons well furnished for the rest of my life. All that I have seen makes me thank God for being born French and a private person."

This was all her history. Apart from her salon she had none—no lovers, no vices, no past, no adventures. That this little "private person" should have had the influence she did, and have held the most wonderful salon of all since Madame de Rambouillet, at a time when to be bourgeois was to be canaille to the aristocrats of that day, and to be virtuous was to be hopelessly unfashionable, is indeed one of the most extraordinary phenomena of those phenomenal times. To understand the brilliant Frenchmen who surrounded her, to play upon them as on an instrument of music, to inspire all with confidence in her motherly sympathy and interest, and to weld her circle together and to maintain it in harmony, required the very greatest social genius, combined with the warm heart of the Frenchwoman. No unkind action is mentioned of her. Even her last recorded utterance is delightful in its thoughtfulness. When her friends in her bedroom during her last illness were discussing schemes for the improvement of the masses, she raised herself to say—"Ajoutez-y le soin de procurer les plaisirs."

## Socialism and the Middle Classes.

By H. G. WELLS.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

**I**N this paper I am anxious to define and discuss a little the relationship between three distinct things:

(1) Socialism, i. e. a large, a slowly elaborating conception of a sane and organized state and moral culture to replace our present chaotic way of living.

- (2) the Socialist movement, and  
(3) the Middle Classes.

The first is to me a very great thing indeed, the form and substance of my ideal life, and all the religion I possess. Let me make my confession plain and clear. I am, by a sort of predestination, a socialist. I perceive I cannot help talking and writing about socialism, and shaping and forwarding socialism. I am one of a succession—one of a growing multitude of witnesses, who will continue. It does not—in the larger sense—matter how many generations of us must toil and testify. It does not matter, except as our individual concern, how individually we succeed or fail, what blunders we make, what thwartings we encounter, what follies and inadequacies darken our private hopes and level our personal imaginations to the dust. We have the light. We know what we are for, and that the light that now glimmers so dimly through us must in the end prevail. \* \* \*

So, largely, I conceive of socialism. But socialism and the socialist movement are two very different things. The socialist movement is an item in an altogether different scale.

I must confess that the organized socialist movement, all the socialist societies and leagues and federations and parties together in England, seem to me no more than the rustling hem of the garment of advancing socialism. For some years the whole organized socialist movement seemed to me so unimportant, so irrelevant to that progressive development and realization of a great system of ideas, which is socialism, that, like very many other socialists, I did not trouble to connect myself with any section of it. I don't believe that the socialist idea is as yet nearly enough thought out and elaborated for very much of it to be realized of set intention now. Socialism is still essentially education, is study, is a renewal, a profound change in the circle of human thought and motive. The institutions which will express this changed circle of thought are important indeed, but with a secondary importance. Socialism is the still incomplete, the still sketchy and sketchily indicative plan of a new life for the world, a new and better way of living, a change of spirit and substance from the narrow selfishness and immediacy and cowardly formalism, the chaotic life of individual accident that is human life to-day, a life that dooms itself and all of us to thwartings and misery.

Socialism, therefore, is to be served by thought and expression, in art, in literature, in scientific statement and life, in discussion and the quickening exercise of propaganda; but the social-

ist movement, as one finds it, is too often no more than a hasty attempt to secure a premature realization of some fragmentary suggestion of this great, still plastic design, to the neglect of all other of its aspects. As my own sense of socialism has enlarged and intensified, I have become more and more impressed by the imperfect socialism of almost every socialist movement that is going on; by its necessarily partial and limited projection from the clotted cants and habituations of things as they are.

Some socialists quarrel with the Liberal Party and with the socialist section of the Liberal Party because it does not go far enough, because it does not embody a socialism uncompromising and complete, because it has not definitely cut itself off from the old traditions, the discredited formulae, that served before the coming of our great idea. They are blind to the fact that there is no organized socialism at present, uncompromising and complete, and the socialists who flatter themselves they represent as much are merely those who have either never grasped or who have forgotten the full implications of socialism. They are just a little step further, a very little step further in their departure from existing prejudices, in their subservience to existing institutions and existing imperatives.

Take, for example, the socialism that is popular in New York and Chicago and Germany, and that finds its exponents here typically in the inferior ranks of the Social Democratic Federation—the Marxite teaching. It still waits permeation by true socialist conceptions. It is a version of life adapted essentially to the imagination of the working wage earner, and limited by his limitations. It is the vision of poor souls perennially reminded each Monday morning of the shadow and irksomeness of life, perpetually recalled each Saturday pay time to a watery gleam of all that life might be. One of the numberless relationships of life,

the relationship of capital or the employer to the employed, is made to overshadow all other relations. Get that put right, "expropriate the idle rich," transfer all capital to the state, make the state humane, amenable, universal employer—that, to innumerable socialist working men, is the horizon.

The rest he sees in the forms of the life to which he is accustomed. A little home, a trifle larger and brighter than his present one, a more abounding table, a cheerful missus released from factory work and unhealthy competition with men, a bright and healthy family going to and fro to the public free schools, free medical attendance, universal State insurance for old age, free trams to Burnham Beeches, shorter hours of work and higher wages, no dismissals, no hunting for work that eludes one.

All the wide world of collateral consequences that will follow from the cessation of the system of employment under conditions of individualist competition, he does not seem to apprehend. Such phrases as the citizenship and economic independence of women leave him cold. That socialism has anything to say about the economic basis of the family, about the social aspects of marriage, about the rights of the parent, doesn't, I think, at first occur to him at all. Nor does he realize for a long time that for socialism and under socialist institutions will there be needed any system of self-discipline, any rules of conduct further than the natural impulses and the native goodness of man.

He takes just that aspect of socialism that appeals to him, and that alone, and it is only exceptionally at present, and very slowly, as a process of slow habitation and enlargement, that he comes to any wider conceptions. And, as a consequence, directly we pass to any social type to which weekly or monthly wages is not the dominating fact of life, and a simple unthinking faith in Yes or No decisions its dominant habit, the phrasings, the formulae,

the statements and the discreet omissions of the leaders of working class socialism fall to appeal.

Socialism commends itself to a considerable proportion of the working class simply as a beneficial change in the conditions of work and employment; to other sections of the community it presents itself through equally limited aspects. Certain ways of living it seems to condemn root and branch. To the stockbroker and many other sorts of trader, to the usurer, to the company promoter, to the retired butler who has invested his money in "weekly property," for example, it stands for the dissolution of all comprehensible social order. It simply repudiates the way of living to which they have committed themselves

And to great numbers of agreeable unintelligent people who live upon rent and interest it is a projected severing of every bond that holds man and man, that keeps servants respectful, tradespeople in order, railways and hotels available, and the whole procedure of life going. They class socialism and anarchism together in a way that is as logically unjust as it is from their point of view justifiable. Both cults have this in common, that they threaten to wipe out the whole world of the villa resident. And this sense of a threatened profound disturbance in their way of living pervades the attitude of nearly all the comfortable classes toward socialism.

When we discuss the attitude of the middle classes to socialism we must always bear this keener sense of disconcerting changes in mind. It is a part of the queer composition of the human animal that its desire for happenings is balanced by an instinctive dread of real changes of condition. People, especially fully adult people, are creatures who have grown accustomed to a certain method of costume, a certain system of meals, a certain dietary, certain apparatus, a certain routine. They know their way about in life as it is. They would be lost in Utopia.

Quite little alterations "put them out," as they say—create a distressing feeling of inadequacy, make them "feel odd." Whatever little enlargements they may contemplate in reverie, in practice they know they want nothing except, perhaps, a little more of all the things they like. That's the way with most of us, anyhow.

To make a fairly complete intimation of the nature of socialism to an average, decent, middle-aged, middle-class person would be to arouse emotions of unspeakable terror, if the whole project didn't also naturally clothe itself in a quality of incredibility. And you will find, as a matter of fact, that your middle-class socialists belong to two classes; either they are amiable people who don't understand a bit what socialism is—and some of the most ardent and serviceable workers for socialism are of this type—or they are people so unhappily situated and so unfortunate, or else of such exceptional imaginative force or training (which is itself, perhaps, from the practical point of view, a misfortune), as to be capable of a discontent with life as it is, so passionate as to outweigh instinctive timidities and discretions. Rest assured that to make any large section of the comfortable upper middle-class socialists, you must either misrepresent, and more particularly under-represent socialism, or you must quicken their imaginations far beyond the present state of affairs.

Some of the most ardent and serviceable of socialist workers, I have said, are of the former type. For the most part they are philanthropic people, or women and men of the managing temperament shocked into a sort of socialism by the more glaring and melodramatic cruelties of our universally cruel social system. They are the district visitors of socialism. They do not realize that socialism demands any change in themselves or in their way of living, they perceive in it simply a way of hope from the failures of vulgar char-



ity. Chiefly they assail the bad conditions of life of the lower classes.

They don't for a moment envisage a time when there will be no lower classes—that is beyond them altogether. Much less can they conceive of a time when there will be no governing class distinctively in possession of means. They exact respect from inferiors; no touch of socialist warmth or light qualifies their arrogant manners. Perhaps they, too, broaden their conception of socialism as time goes on, but so it begins with them.

Now to make socialists of this type the appeal is a very different one from the talk of class war and expropriation, and the abolition of the idle rich, which is so serviceable with a roomful of sweated workers. These people are moved partly by pity, and the best of them by a hatred for the squalor and waste of the present regime. Talk of the expropriated rich simply raises in their minds painful and disconcerting images of distressed gentlewomen. But one necessary aspect of the socialist's vision that sends the coldest shiver down the spine of the working class socialist is extraordinary alluring and congenial to them, namely, the official and organized side. They love to think of houses and factories open to competent inspection, of municipal milk, sealed and certificated for every cottager's baby, of old age pensions and a high and rising minimum standard of life. They have an admirable sense of sanitation. They are the philanthropic and administrative socialists as distinguished from the economic revolutionaries.

This class of socialist passes insensibly into the merely socialistic philanthropist of the wealthy middle class to whom we owe so much healthful expenditure upon experiments in housing, in museum and school construction, in educational endowment, and so forth. Their activities are not for one moment to be despised; they are a constant demonstration to dull and skeptical persons that things may be different,

better, prettier, kindlier and more orderly. Many people impervious to tracts can be set thinking by a model village or a model factory. However petty much of what they achieve may be, there it is achieved—in legislation, in bricks and mortar. Among other things, these administrative socialists serve to correct the very perceptible tendency of most working men socialists to sentimental anarchism in regard to questions of control and conduct, a tendency due entirely to their social and administrative inexperience.

For more thorough-going socialism among the middle classes one must look to those strata and sections in which quickened imaginations and unsettling influences are to be found. The artist is by nature a socialist. A mind habitually directed to beauty as an end must necessarily be exceptionally awake to the ugly congestions of our contemporary civilization, to the prolific futile production of gawky, ill-mannered, jostling new things, to the shabby profit-seeking that ousts beauty from life and poisons every enterprise of man. There is an admirable paper by Oscar Wilde, originally published, I believe, in the "Fortnightly Review," "The Soul of Man (under socialism)," which puts the whole artistic attitude toward socialism with an admirable and persuasive lucidity. And not only artistic work, but the better sort of scientific investigation, the better sort of literary work, and every occupation that involves the persistent free use of thought, must bring the mind more and more toward the definite recognition of our social incoherence and waste.

But this by no means exhausts the professions that ought to have a distinct bias for socialism. The engineer, the architect, the mechanical inventor, the industrial organizer, and every sort of maker must be at one in their desire for emancipation from servitude to the promoter, the trader, the lawyer and the forestaller, from the perpetually recurring obstruction of the claim of the



private proprietor to every large and hopeful enterprise, and ready to respond to the immense creative element in the socialist idea.

Only it is that creative element which has so far found least expression in socialist literature, which appears neither in the "class war" literature of the working class socialist nor the litigious, inspecting, fining, and regulating tracts and proposals of the administrative socialist. To too many of these men in the constructive professions the substitution of a socialist State for our present economic method carries with it no promise of emancipation at all. They think that to work for the public controls, which an advance toward socialism would set up, would be worse for them and for all that they desire to do than the profit-seeking expense-cutting, mercenary making of the present regime.

This is, I believe, a temporary and alterable state, contrary to the essential and permanent spirit of those engaged in constructive work. It is due very largely to the many misrepresentations and partial statements of socialism that have rendered it palatable and assimilable to the working men and the administrative socialist. Socialism has been presented on the one hand as a scheme of expropriation to a clamorous popular government of working men, far more ignorant and incapable of management than a shareholders' meeting, and, on the other, as a scheme for the encouragement of stupid little municipal authorities of the contemporary type in impossible business undertakings under the guidance of fussy, energetic, legal-minded and totally unscientific instigators.

Except for the quite recent development of socialist thought that is now being embodied in the "New Heptarchy Series" of the Fabian Society, scarcely anything has been done to dispel these reasonable dreads. I should think that from the point of view of socialist propaganda, the time is altogether ripe now for a fresh and more

vigorous insistence upon the materially creative aspect of the vision of socialism, an aspect which is, after all, much more cardinal and characteristic than any aspect that has hitherto been presented systematically to the world.

An enormous rebuilding, remaking and expansion is integral in the socialist dream. We want to get the land out of the control of the private owners among whom it is cut up, we want to get houses, factories, railways, mines, farms out of the dispersed management of their proprietors, not in order to secure their present profits and hinder development, but in order to rearrange these things in a saner and finer fashion. An immense work of re-planning, rebuilding, redistributing lies in the foreground of the socialist vista. We contemplate an enormous clearance of existing things. We want an unfettered hand to make beautiful and convenient homes, splendid cities, noiseless great highways, beautiful bridges, clean, swift and splendid electric railways; we are inspired by a faith in the coming of clean, wide and simple methods of agricultural production. But it is only now that socialism is beginning to be put in these terms. So put it, and the engineer and the architect and the scientific organizer, agricultural or industrial—all the best of them, anyhow—will find it correspond extraordinarily to their way of thinking.

Not all of them, of course. A middle-aged architect with a note-book full of bits of gothic, and a reputation for suburban churches, or full of bits of "Queen Anne" and a connection among villa builders, or an engineer pater-familias who has tasted blood as an expert witness, aren't to be won by these suggestions. They're part of things as they are. But that is only a temporary inconvenience to socialism. The young men do respond, and they are the future and what socialism needs.

And there's another great constructive profession that should be socialist altogether, and that is the medical pro-

fession. Especially does socialism claim the younger men who haven't yet sunken from the hospitals to the trading individualism of a practice. And then there are the teachers, the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. The idea of a great organized making is innate in the quality of their professions; the making of sound bodies and healthy conditions, the making of informed and disciplined minds. The methods of the profit-seeking schoolmaster, the practice-buying doctor are imposed upon them by the necessities of an individualist world. Both these two great professions present nowadays, side by side, two types—the new type, highly qualified, official, administrative, scientific, public spirited; the old type, capitalistic, with a pretentious house and equipment, the doctor with a brougham and a dispensary, the schoolmaster or schoolmistress with some huge old stucco house converted by jerry-built extensions to meet scholastic needs.

Who would not rather, one may ask, choose the former way who was not already irrevocably committed to the latter? Well, I with my socialist dreams would like to answer "No one," but I'm learning to check my buoyant optimism. The imagination and science in a young man may cry out for the public position, for the valiant public work, for the hard, honorable, creative years. He may sit with his fellow-students and his fellow-workers in a nocturnal cloud of tobacco smoke and fine talk, and vow himself to research and the creative world state. In the morning he will think he has dreamed; he will recall what the world is, what socialists are, what he has heard wild socialists say about science and his art. He will elect for the real world and a practice.

Something more than a failure to state the constructive and educational quality in socialism on the part of its exponents has to be admitted in accounting for the unnatural want of sympathetic co-operation between them

and the bulk of these nobler professions. I cannot disguise from myself certain curiously irrelevant strands that have interwoven with the partial statements of socialism current in England, and which it is high time, I think, for socialists to repudiate. Socialism is something more than an empty criticism of our contemporary disorder and waste of life, it is a great intimation of construction, organization, science and education.

But concurrently with its extension and its destructive criticism of the capitalistic individualism of to-day, there has been another movement, essentially an anarchist movement, hostile to machinery and apparatus, hostile to medical science, hostile to order, hostile to education, a Rousseauite movement in the direction of a sentimentalized naturalism, a Tolstol movement in the direction of a non-resisting pietism, which has not simply been confused with the socialist movement, but has really affected and interwoven with it. It is not simply that wherever discussion and destructive criticism of the present conventional bases of society occur, both ways of thinking crop up together; they occur all too often as alternating phases in the same individual.

Few of us are so clear-headed as to be free from profound self-contradictions. So that it is no great marvel, after all, if the presentation of socialism has got mixed up with Return-to-Nature ideas, with proposals for living in a state of unregulated primitive virtue in purely hand-made houses, upon rain water and uncooked fruit. We socialists have to disentangle it from these things now. We have to disavow, with all necessary emphasis, that glibbing at science and the medical profession, at schools and books and the necessary apparatus for collective thinking, which has been one of our little ornamental weaknesses in the past. That has, I know, kept a very considerable number of intelligent professional men from inquiring further

into socialist theories and teachings. As a consequence there are, especially in the medical profession, quite a number of unconscious socialists, men, often with a far clearer grip upon the central ideas of socialism than many of its professed exponents, who have worked out these ideas for themselves, and are incredulous to hear them called socialistic.

So much for the specifically creative and imagination-using professions. Throughout the whole range of the more educated middle classes, however, there are causes at work that necessarily stimulate thought toward socialism, that engender scepticisms, desires, inquiries leading toward what I may call, I think without much exaggeration, the British socialists' most jealously guarded secret—the relation of socialism to the institution of the family. \* \* \*

The family, and not the individual, is still the unit in contemporary civilization, and indeed in nearly all social systems that have ever existed. The adult male, the head of the family, has been the citizen, the sole representative of the family in the State. About him have been grouped his one or more wives, his children, his dependents. His position toward them has always been—is still in many respects to this day—one of ownership. He was owner of them all, and in many of the less sophisticated systems of the past his ownership was as complete as over his horse and house and land—more complete than over his land. He could sell his children into slavery, barter his wives.

There has been a secular mitigation of the rights of this sort of private property; the establishment of monogamy, for instance, did for the family what President Roosevelt's proposed legislation against large accumulations might do for industrial enterprises, but to this day in our own community, for all such mitigations and many euphemisms, the ownership of the head of the family is still a manifest fact. He

votes. He keeps and protects. He determines the education and profession of his children. He is entitled to monetary consolation for any infringement of his rights over wife or daughter. Every intelligent woman understands that, as a matter of hard fact, beneath all the civilities of to-day, she is actual or potential property, and has to treat herself and keep herself as that. She may by force or subtlety turn her chains into weapons, she may succeed in exacting a reciprocal property in a man, the fact remains fundamental that she is either isolated or owned.

But I need not go on writing facts with which every one is acquainted. My concern now is to point out that socialism repudiates the private ownership of the head of the family as completely as it repudiates any other sort of private ownership. Socialism involves the responsible citizenship of women, their economic independence of men, and all the personal freedom that follows that, it intervenes between the children and the parents, claiming to support them, protect them, and educate them for its own ampler purposes. Socialism, in fact, is the State family. The old family of the private individual must vanish before it, just as the old water works of private enterprise, or the old gas company. They are incompatible with it. Socialism assails the triumphant egotism of the family to-day, just as Christianity did in its earlier and more vital centuries. So far as English socialism is concerned (and the thing is still more the case in America), I must confess that the assault has displayed a quite extraordinary instinct for taking cover, but that is a question of tactics rather than of essential antagonism.

It is possible to believe that so far as the middle classes are concerned this discretion has been carried altogether too far. Socialists would have forwarded their cause better, if they had been more outspoken. It has led to preposterous misunderstandings; and among others to the charge that social-

ism implied free-love. \* \* \* The middle class family, I am increasingly convinced, is a group in a state of tension. I believe that a modest but complete statement of the socialist criticism of the family and the proposed socialist substitute for the conventional relationships might awaken extraordinary responses at the present time. The great terror of the eighties and early nineties that crushed all reasonable discussion of sexual relationship is, I believe, altogether over.

The whole of the present system is riddled with discontents. One factor is the enhanced sense of the child in middle-class life: the old sentiment was that the parent owned the child, the new is that the children own the parents. There has come an intensified respect for children, an immense increase in the trouble, attention and expenditure devoted to them—and a very natural and human accompaniment in the huge fall in the middle-class birth-rate. It is felt that to bear and rear children is the most noble and splendid and responsible thing in life, and an increasing number of people modestly evade it. People see more clearly the social service of parentage, and are more and more inclined to demand a recognition from the State for this service. The middle-class parent might conceivably be horrified if you suggested the State should pay him for his offspring, but he would have no objection whatever to being indirectly and partially paid by a differential income tax graduated in relation to the size of his family.

With this increased sense of the virtue and public service of parentage there has gone on a great development of the criticism of schools and teaching. The more educated middle-class parent has become an amateur educationist of considerable virulence. He sees more and more distinctly the inadequacy of his own private attempts to educate, the necessary charlatanry and insufficiency of the private adventure school. He finds much to envy in

the elementary schools. If he is ignorant and short-sighted, he joins in the bitter cry of the middle classes, and clamors against the pampering of the working class, and the rising of the rates which renders his efforts to educate his own children more difficult.

But a more intelligent type of middle-class parent sends his boy in for public scholarships, sets to work to get educational endowment for his own class also, and makes another step toward socialism. Moreover, the increasing intelligence of the middle-class parent and the steady swallowing up of the smaller capitalists and smaller shareholders by the larger enterprises and fortunes, alike bring home to him the temporary and uncertain nature of the advantages his private efforts give his children over those of the working man. He sees no more than a brief respite for them against the economic cataclysms of the coming time. He is more and more alive to the presence of secular change in the world. He does not feel sure his sons will carry on the old business, continue the old practice. He begins to appreciate the concentration of wealth.

The secular development of the capitalistic system robs him more and more of his sense of securities. He is uneasy than he used to be about investments. He no longer has that complete faith in private insurance companies that once sustained him. His mind broadens out to State insurance as to State education. He is far more amenable than he used to be to the idea that the only way to provide for one's own posterity is to provide for every one's posterity, to merge parentage in citizenship. The family of the middle-class man which fights for itself alone, is lost.

Socialism comes into the middle-class family offering education, offering assurances for the future, and only very distantly intimating the price to be paid in weakened individual control. But far profounder disintegrations are

at work. The internal character of the middle-class family is altering fundamentally with the general growth of intelligence, with the higher education of women, with the comings and goings for this purpose and that, the bicycles and games, the enlarged social appetites and opportunities of a new time.

The more or less conscious strike against parentage is having far-reaching effects. The family proper becomes a numerically smaller group. Enormous numbers of childless families appear; the middle-class family with two, or at most three, children is the rule rather than the exception in certain strata. This makes the family a less various and interesting group, with a smaller demand for attention, emotion, effort. Quite apart from the general mental quickening of the time, it leaves more and more social energy, curiosity, enterprise free, either to fret within the narrow family limits or to go outside them. The strike against parentage takes among other forms the form of a strike against marriage; great numbers of men and women stand out from a relationship which every year seems more limiting and (except for its temporary passionless aspect) purposeless. The number of intelligent and healthy women inadequately employed, who either idle as wives in attenuated modern families, childless or with an insufficient child or so, or who work for an unsatisfying subsistence as unmarried women, increases. To them the complete conceptions of socialism should have an extraordinary appeal.

The appearance of the feminine mind and soul in the world as something distinct and self-conscious, is the appearance of a distinct new engine of criticism against the individualist family, against this dwindling property of the once-ascendant male—who no longer effectually rules, no longer, in many cases, either protects or sustains, who all too often is so shorn of his beams as to be but a vexatious power of jealous restriction and interference upon his wife and children. The edu-

cated girl resents the proposed loss of her freedom in marriage, the educated married woman realizes as well as represents the losses of scope and interest marriage entails.

If it were not for the economic disadvantages that make intelligent women dread a solitary old age in bitter poverty, vast numbers of women who are married to-day would have remained single, independent women. This discontent of women is a huge available force for socialism. The wife of the past was, to put it brutally, caught younger—so young that she had had no time to think—she began forthwith to bear babies, rear babies, and (which she did in a quite proportionate profusion) bury babies—she never had a moment to think.

Now the wife with double the leisure, double the education and half the emotional scope of her torn prolific grandmother, sits at home and thinks things over. You find her letting herself loose in clubs, in literary enterprises, in schemes for joint households to relieve herself and her husband from the continuation of a duologue that has exhausted its interest. The husband finds himself divided between his sympathetic sense of tedium and the proprietary tradition in which we live.

For these tensions in the disintegration of the old proprietary family no remedy offers itself to-day except the solutions that arise as essential portions of the socialistic scheme. The alternative is hypocrisy and disorder.

There is yet another and still more effectual system of strains at work in the existing social unit, and that is the strain between parents and children. That has always existed. It is one of our most transparent sentimental pretenses that there is any natural subordination of son to father, of daughter to mother. As a matter of fact, a good deal of natural antagonism appears at the adolescence of the young. Something very like an instinct stirs in them, to rebel, to go out. The old habits of solicitude, control and re-



straint in the parent become more and more hampering, irksome and exasperating to the offspring. The middle-class son gets away in spirit and in fact to school, to college, to business—his sister does all she can to follow his excellent example.

In a world with vast moral and intellectual changes in progress the intelligent young find the personal struggle for independence intensified by a conflict of ideas. The modern tendency to cherish and preserve youthfulness; the keener desire for living that prevents women getting fat and ugly, and men bald and incompetent by forty-five, is another dissolvent factor among these stresses. The daughter is not only restrained by her mother's precepts, but inflamed by her example. The son finds his father's coevals treating him as a contemporary.

Well, into these conflicts and disorders comes socialism, and socialism alone, to explain, to justify, to propose new conventions and new interpretations of relationship, to champion the reasonable claims of the young, to mitigate the thwarted ownership of the old. Socialism comes, constructive amid the wreckage.

Let me at this point, and before I conclude, put one thing with the utmost possible clearness. The socialist does not propose to destroy something that conceivably would otherwise last for ever, when he proposes a new set of institutions, and a new system of conduct to replace the old proprietary family. He no more regards the institution of marriage as a permanent thing than he regards a state of competitive industrialism as a permanent thing.

In the economic sphere, quite apart from any socialist ideas or socialist activities, it is manifest that competitive individualism destroys itself. This was reasoned out long ago in the "Capital" of Marx; it is receiving its first gigantic practical demonstration in the United States of America. Whatever happens, we believe that

competitive industrialism will change and end—and we socialists at least believe that the alternative to some form of socialism is tyranny and social ruin. So, too, in the social sphere, whether socialists succeed altogether or fail altogether, or in whatever measure they succeed or fail, it does not alter the fact that the family is weakening, dwindling, breaking up, disintegrating.

The alternative to a planned and organized socialism is not the maintenance of the present system, but its logical development, and that is all too plainly a growing complication of pretences as the old imperatives weaken and fade. We already live in a world of stupendous hypocrisies, a world wherein rakes and rascals champion the sacred institution of the family, and a network of sexual secrets, vaguely suspected, disagreeably present, and only half-concealed, pervades every social group one enters. Cynicism, a dismal swamp of base intrigues, cruel restrictions and habitual insincerities, is the manifest destiny of the present regime unless we make some revolutionary turn. It cannot work out its own salvation without the profoundest change in its determining ideas. And what change in those ideas is offered except by the socialist?

In relation to all these most intimate aspects of life, socialism, and socialism alone, supplies the hope and suggestions of clean and practicable solutions. So far, socialists have either been silent or vague, or—let us say—tactful, in relation to this central tangle of life. To begin to speak plainly among the silences and suppressions, the "find out for yourself" of the current time, would be, I think, to grip the middle-class woman and the middle-class youth of both sexes with an extraordinary new interest, to irradiate the dissensions of every bored couple and every squabbling family with broad conceptions, and enormously to enlarge and stimulate the socialist movement at the present time.



## Henrik Ibsen.

By EDWARD DOWDEN.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

**S**EVERAL of Ibsen's men and women are possessed with a highly reprehensible passion for exposing their lives to danger on perilous eminences. Halverd Solness, the master-builder, with trembling zeal achieves the impossible, ascends his ladders, and waves his hat for one triumphant moment from the top of his tower. It is among the high mountains and in the great waste places that little Eyolf's father discovers his mission which is no mission, and hears the call which is no call. Brand, bearing the banner with a strange device—not "Excelsior" but "All or Nothing"—perishes where the ice-church impales the blue, among the white wreaths and glacier-spines. John Gabriel Borkman struggles through snow to the plateau from which he sees the fjord below, and his imaginary kingdom of mountain chains above, and there the ice-cold hand grips his heart. Professor Rubek and Irene reach an altitude from which unaided descent is impossible for them, and, as with Brand, the final stage direction introducing the *deus ex machina* might run "Enter Avalanche, who ingeniously saves the situation."

As we look back upon the series of Ibsen's works, to which the word "Finis" has now been appended, we feel that we, too, while our interest in them was still quick, were eager climbers, were perpetually on the strain, and never quite reached the point at which we could repose and

enjoy in quietude a sure attainment. There are liberal fields of art in which the eye finds rest in horizontal lines, and this is no dull rest, for the lines may stretch away to the illimitable. In many great artists there is even a good bovine quality, which strangely may alternate with a winged joy, and which learns through tranquillity some of the deepest secrets of our Mother Earth. With Ibsen the lines are all precipitous and abrupt; we are forever scaling to the Viddes or above them; we hang over desperate fissures; we cling to jagged edges; we are inclosed in forlorn and shadowy chasms, or encounter some sudden spear-like shaft of light; we learn none of the deep lessons of tranquillity. Even in "Peer Gynt" fantasy brings no relief, for it is fantasy with all the energy of will behind it—fantasy with a purpose hidden in its flight. Yet in "Peer Gynt," if anywhere, there is some hovering and circling on the wing, some smooth balance and curving poise of motion in the sea gull fashion. For the most part, however, Ibsen's advance resembles rather the terribly business-like progress of the cormorant, bent upon attaining his point with a quite relentless resolve and with incessant beat of pinions.

If his end and aim as an artist were beauty and enjoyment in beauty, it could not have been thus with Ibsen. He must have found a place of rest. But though beauty comes incidentally in some startling form, which is half

terror, or in some swift antagonism of brightness and gloom, beauty is not Ibsen's end. His end, even in his earlier romantic plays, even in plays that are historical or semi-historical, is to free, arouse, dilate. He desires to bring the reader or spectator to some point—a point attained by effort—from which things may be seen more clearly or more deeply, even though this may be only a moment's standing place in some ascent which does not here cease; he desires to raise questions, even if no entirely satisfactory answer can as yet be given to them, to awaken those who slumber on the easy pillow of traditional opinion and conventional morals, to startle them from the false dream of custom, and, if need be, to combat, to censure, to satirize.

He was not pleased, indeed, to be regarded as a didactic poet; he asserted that his primary object was to see and to represent life, to create true and living men and women. But he did not deny that he attempted to attain and to express a philosophy of life, and undoubtedly his art suffered because that philosophy of life was not broad-based upon the attainments of the past, because it was not the inevitable growth of the national life surrounding him, because it was a philosophy of revolt, the protest of an individual, embodying only a fragment of truth, aggressive, polemical revolutionary. Hence his art was often marred by over-emphasis. The little towns upon the fjords seemed to Ibsen to be buried in sleep, though morning was growing broad. He would steam up the fjord from the open sea, and try whether the hooting of the fog-horn would make them open their eyes. And certainly there followed wide-spreading reverberations, reverberations which passed across Europe.

"To realize oneself"—to bring into full being and action whatever force exists within us, this was Ibsen's chosen expression for what the Shorter Catechism terms "man's chief end." "So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself," he wrote to a friend in 1882,

"seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being." And again: "I believe that there is nothing else and nothing better for us all to do than in spirit and in truth to realize ourselves. This, in my opinion, constitutes real liberalism." He desired for his friend and critic George Brandes before all else "a genuine, full-blooded egoism," but he begged at the same time that this desire might not be taken as an evidence of something brutal in his nature.

Being an artist, Ibsen found self-realization to mean for him the putting forth of all that was best within him in and through his art. Dramatic art for him was not so much a delightful play as an inexorable duty. Work which may seem wholly detached from his own personality, wholly imaginative and objective, was in fact intensely personal; not indeed in the dramatic action, the sequence of incidents, but in the view of life which gave a meaning and a unity to the incidents. The whole man, as he was for the time being, pressed into his work; but, while certain general characteristics run through all that he wrote, and constitute the Ibsen cachet, it happened not seldom with him, as it happened with Goethe, that the view of life embodied in this play or in that was one which Ibsen desired to master, to place outside himself, to escape from and leave behind him in his advance. Lessons of warning for the dramatic critic who would discover the mind of a dramatist through his art may be read in Ibsen's correspondence.

Thus while into the character of Brand he transposed certain things which he found in himself—things which he regarded as the best part of himself, discovered only in his highest moments—the poem "Brand" was partly written, as he declares to Laura Kieler, who attempted a continuation of the poem, because it became a necessity with him to free himself from something that his inner man had done with, by giving it a poetic form. A

canon of criticism founded upon such a confession, or upon similar confessions made by Goethe, would play havoc with many of the crude attempts to infer the mind and moods of Shakespeare from his dramatic compositions.

Precisely because he wrote "Hamlet," Shakespeare may have been delivered from the Hamlet mood and the Hamlet view of life, and may have lost interest in them for ever. Nothing can be created, in the true sense of that word, according to Ibsen, except it takes into itself some life-experience; but we see most clearly, he adds, at a distance; "we must get away from what we desire to judge; one describes summer best on a winter day."

Soon after his own happy marriage in 1858, Ibsen was engaged upon his "Comedy of Love," which, however, was not completed until four years later. Shall we say that his mockery of love-betrothals and love-marriages—or what are called so—and his pronouncement in the play in favor of a marriage of prudence and worldly wisdom expresses the whole of his mind at this time? Or may it not have been that his deeper sense of the worth of a true marriage of love urged him to take his revenge upon a state of society in which, with its half-heartedness and its feeble sentimentalities, the ideal marriage, as it seemed to him, had become almost impossible? Falk and Svanhild, with the terror before them of a Pastor Straamand and his Maren, a Styver and Miss Skjaere, a Lind and Anna, are incapable of trusting their own hearts, and without such a confident venture of faith it is better that Svanhild should be the sensible bride of a kind and sensible Guldstad. A lower view of marriage is set forth and justified perhaps for the precise reason that Ibsen had come to value the true romance above the pseudo-romance of a sentimental convention.

With much of the strenuousness, if not the severity, of the Northern temper, Ibsen was yet a lover of brightness and joy. The southern sunshine and

the color of the south gave him a sense of happy expansion. But where could he find the joy of life in his earlier years? Hardly anywhere except in his own consciousness of strength; and sometimes he lost heart and courage. He was poor and he was proud. He pounded drugs at Grimstad to earn a scanty living, stung his enemies and even his friends with epigram or lampoon, fashioned his youthful verses in stolen hours, and meditated in his "Catiline" on the discrepancy between our desires and our power of giving them their satisfaction. He repelled others and was in turn repelled. He retreated into himself, and there he heard the "call," about which his poems in dramatic fashion tell us much. And his ambition, his egoism leaped up and responded to the call. There are men whom an unfavorable environment crushes and destroys. But Ibsen was not one of these. He grew stronger through opposition, and the surface of his mind, like the face of a sea captain, hardened in the rough weather. Through resistance he came to understand his own powers, he came to attain self-definition.

Harder to bear than any direct opposition were the narrowness, the pettiness, the death-in-life of the society in which, "like a seven-sealed mystery," he moved. Storm for him was always inspiring, but fog was stifling. The Vikings of elder days had been transformed into a grocer, an innkeeper, a barber, and he himself was pounding his drugs in an apothecary's shop. The common excitement which now and again may have stirred his eight hundred fellow-townsfolk was like the flurry in a very small ant-hill. They pried, and gossiped and slandered; they found their law in the artificial proprieties; they sentimentalized and had their ineffectual pseudo-passions. Religion was the mummy of ancient faith, eviscerated and swathed; the pastor was only a spiritual beadle. The State was represented by an official or two, who earned a salary by wearing

the approved blinkers and pulling the old cart through the old rut. If liberalism existed, it spent its enthusiasm in vacuous words and high-sounding phrases. The best persons were no more than fragments of a whole man, who held together the fragments by some illogical compromise, and perhaps named this compromise "morality."

Ibsen, the Norwegian poet, was never quite at home in the land of his birth. Long afterward, when he had sunned himself among Italian vines and felt the stupendous life of Rome—life over which in those days there seemed to rest an indescribable peace—the heimweh that drew him back to Norway was not a desire to revive the sentiment of his early life, but his deep, unconquerable passion for the sea. Yet he tells his friend Björnson that when he sailed up the Fjord he felt a weight settling down on his breast, a feeling of actual physical oppression: "And this feeling," he goes on, "lasted all the time I was at home; I was not myself"—not his own man, as we say—"under the gaze of all those cold, uncomprehending Norwegian eyes at the windows and in the streets."

And in 1897 he writes to Brandes from Christiania: "Here all the sounds are closed in every acceptance of the word—and all the channels of intelligence are blocked. Oh, dear Brandes, it is not without consequence that a man lives for twenty-seven years in the wider, emancipated and emancipating spiritual conditions of the great world. Up here, by the fjords, is my native land. But—but—but! Where am I to find my home-land?"

It was natural that Ibsen should sigh for a revolution, or rather—since sighing was not his mode—that he should work toward it. But in the programme of political liberalism he took little interest. A people might—like that of Norway—be free, yet be no more than a congeries of unfree persons. "Dear friend," he cried to Brandes in 1872, "the Liberals are freedom's worst enemies. Freedom of thought and spirit

thrive best under absolutism; this was shown in France, afterward in Germany, and now we see it in Russia."

While Björnson, like a good member of the Liberal party, said, "The majority is always right," Ibsen, an admirer, as was Edmund Burke, of the natural aristocracy, was ready to maintain that right is always with the minority. Dr. Stockmann, of the Baths, is in a minority of one; not only does officialdom hunt him down; the "compact majority" of middle-class citizens and the public press turn against him; yet Stockmann—somewhat muddle-headed hero as he is—has the whole right and the whole truth upon his side. The rhetoric of a Stensgaard can always gather a party of so-called progress around him, yet Stensgaard, eloquent for freedom, has no conception of that wherein true freedom lies. The Mayor in "Brand" is busily employed in ameliorating the lot of his fellow-men by the prescribed methods of social "progress," only he has not yet conceived what a man and the life of a man truly means.

"Liberty," wrote Ibsen in 1882, "is the first and highest condition for me. At home they do not trouble much about liberty, but only about liberties—a few more or a few less, according to the standpoint of their party. I feel, too, most painfully affected by the crudity, the plebeian element in all our public discussions. The very praiseworthy attempt to make of our people a democratic community has inadvertently gone a good way toward making us a plebeian community." As for the peasantry, Ibsen found them in every country very much alive to their own interests; in no country did he find them liberal-minded or self-sacrificing.

The revolution for which he hoped was not a revolution of government. He desired, indeed, as immediate measures—so he writes to Björnson in 1884—a very wide extension of the suffrage, the statutory improvement of the position of women, and the emancipation of national education from all kinds of

medievalism; but these were valuable, he thought, only as means to an end. Governments, States, religions will pass away, but men will remain.

As for the State, Ibsen regarded it sometimes with almost the hostility of an anarchist. He pointed to the Jewish people—"the nobility of the human race"—as a nation without a State, possessing an intense national consciousness and great individual freedom, but no organized government. Perhaps he overlooked the fact that the national consciousness is based upon the common faith and common observances of a unique and highly organized religion. Ibsen's starting-point and his goal was the individual man or woman. The struggle for liberty which interested him was not the effort to obtain political "rights," but the constant, living assimilation by each individual of the idea of freedom.

When December, 1870, came, he rejoiced that "the old, illusory France" had collapsed. "Up till now," he wrote, "we have been living on nothing but the crumbs from the revolution table of last century, a food out of which all nutriment has long been chewed. The old terms require to have a new meaning infused into them. Liberty, equality and fraternity are no longer the things they were in the days of the late-lamented guillotine. This is what the politicians will not understand; and therefore I hate them. They want only their own special revolutions in externals, in politics, etc. But all this is mere trifling. What is all important is the revolution in the spirit of man." Like Maximus in "Emperor and Gallian," Ibsen dreamed of the third empire.

The third empire will come when man ceases to be a fragment of himself, and attains, in complete self-realization, the fulness of the stature of the perfect man. Julian, Emperor and apostate, as Ibsen conceives him, is a divided nature, living in a time of moral division. As a youth he has heard the terrible, unconditional, inex-

orable commands of the spirit, declared through the religion of Christ; but they have always been without and not within his heart; at every turn the merciless god-man has met him, stark and stern, with some uncompromising "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not," which never became the mandate of his own will.

And the old pagan passion for the beauty and the joy of terrene life is in Julian's blood. He is pedant enough to seek for spiritual unity through the schools of philosophy, and man enough to find the shadows of truth exhibited in the schools vain and impotent. Christianity, as he sees it in Constantinople, is not a faith but an unfaith—made up of greeds, ambition, treachery, distrust, worldly compromises, external shows of religion. "Do you not feel disgust and nausea," he cries to Basileus, "as on board ship in a windless swell, heaving to and fro between life, and written revelation, and heathen wisdom and beauty? There must come a new revelation. Or a revelation of something new." He can dream of the rapture of a martyr's death—but martyrdom for what? All that he had learned in Athens can be summed up in one despairing word—"The old beauty is no longer beautiful, and the new truth is no longer true."

But the need of action compels him, if not to make a choice in the full sense of that word, at least to take a side. The shouts of the soldiery at Vienna are ready to hail him as Emperor. On the one hand are life and the hope of a rehabilitation of beauty, the wisdom of Greece, the recovery of joy. On the other hand are the Nazarene, the cross, the remorseless demands of the spirit, and all for sake of what the Christianity of his time had proved to be a lie. The instinct of the blood decides for Julian that he shall be the apostate. Life is at least better than a lie.

There follows in Ibsen's second drama the record of Julian's failure, his illusions, his partial disillusioning, and the darkening of the light within

STATE NO. 10000  
SPEELEY, COLORADO



him. The patron of free speculation is transformed into a persecutor. The philosopher grows greedy of the adulation of courtiers. He is led on before the close to the madness of self-divinization. He will restore joy and beauty to the world; with the panther-skin upon his shoulders and the vine wreath on his head he plays the part of Dionysus amid a troop of mummers and harlots, and he himself loathes this mockery of beauty and of joy. He will reform the world—for he has still the pride of pedantry—with a treatise. He takes his guidance in action from ambiguous oracles and the omens of priests. He dies with a dream of a triumphal entry into Babylon and a vision of beautiful garlanded youths and dancing maidens.

Yet all the while Julian knows that he cannot revive what is long withered, and he is aware of some great power without him and above him which is using him for its own ends. The world-spirit, in truth, has made Julian its instrument. The old era of the flesh had passed away. The new era of the spirit had come. And to quicken it to true life, the spirit, incarnated in the religion of Christ, needed the discipline of trial and suffering and martyrdom which Julian had devised for its destruction. "Christ, Christ," exclaims Basileus, "how could Thy people fail to see Thy manifest design? The Emperor Julian was a rod of chastisement—not unto death, but unto resurrection." And so the Galilean has conquered.

The Galilean, however, according to the mystic Maximus, through whom evidently Ibsen expresses his own thought, is not to rule for ever. From the empire of the flesh, through the empire of the spirit, the world must advance to the third empire, which does not destroy but rather includes both its predecessors. Both the Emperor and the Galilean—such is the prophecy of Maximus—must succumb; at what time he cannot tell; it will be on the day when the right man ap-

pears, who shall swallow up both Emperor and Galilean. The fulness of the perfect man must succeed the unconscious joy of childhood and the unqualified ideality of youth, and resume them both in itself. "You have tried," says Maximus, addressing Julian, "to make the youth a child again. The empire of the flesh is swallowed up in the empire of the spirit. But the empire of the spirit is not final any more than the youth is. You have tried to hinder the growth of the youth—to hinder him from becoming a man. Oh, fool, who have drawn your sword against that which is to be—against the third empire in which the twin-natured shall reign!"

For a time at least, Ibsen regarded "Emperor and Galilean" as his chief work. That positive theory of life, which the critics had long demanded from him, might here, he believed, be found; "the play," he wrote to Brandes, "will be a kind of banner." Part of his own spiritual life went into this dramatic history; he labored at the "herculean task" of reviving a past age with a fierce diligence; while, at the same time, he held that the subject had "a much more intimate connection with the movements of our own time than might at first be imagined"; the establishment of such a connection—so he tells Mr. Gosse—he regarded as "imperative in any modern poetical treatment of such a remote subject, if it is to arouse interest at all." The great drama of the Franco-German war delivered Ibsen from his narrow Scandinavian nationalism, and gave him that wider conception of the march of events which he needed in dealing with historical matter of colossal dimensions.

With a clear perception of the leading ideas set forth in "Emperor and Galilean," a reader of the earlier "Brand" can without difficulty assign to this poem its due position in the series of Ibsen's works. Brand is the hero of the second empire—the empire of the spirit. Ibsen had escaped from



Christiania to Rome—the center of the life of the world, yet for an artist brooded over by a great peace—and because Norway was distant, he seemed to see it all the more clearly, with its many infirmities and its conceivable heroisms. He could not but contrast the spirit of generous self-sacrifice which had resulted in the unification of Italy with the half-heartedness or downright selfishness of his own country during the Danish-German war.

"How often we hear good people in Norway," he wrote to Magdalene Thoresen, "talk with the heartiest self-satisfaction about Norwegian discretion, which is really nothing more than a lukewarmness of blood that makes the respectable souls incapable of committing a grand piece of folly." As Ibsen conceived it, a grand piece of folly might be the test and the demonstration of a vallant soul; and such it is with the hero of that poem, to accomplish which he had laid aside the unfinished "Emperor and Galilean."

He was indescribably happy while he worked upon "Brand." "I felt," he says, "the exaltation of a crusader, and I don't know anything I should have lacked courage to face." He wanted to deliver the Brand within himself—that which was best in him—from the narrowness and the severity of the empire of the spirit, and the poem was a receptable for what he desired to expel from his inner consciousness. On his desk, as he wrote, was a glass with a scorpion in it: "From time to time the little animal was ill. Then I used to give it a piece of soft fruit, upon which it fell furiously and emptied its poison into it—after which it was well again." The poet is surely thinking of himself when he describes this curative process of his little brother, the scorpion.

Brand is the hero of the empire of the spirit. As Julian was double-minded, with a life which essayed a vain return from the spirit to the flesh, so Brand is necessarily single-minded, a free servant of his stern, inexorable God, who is no grey-beard that may be

haggled with, no dotard or dreamer, but young as Hercules, and terrible as he who stood on Mount Horeb when Moses heard the call from the burning bush. That Brand is a priest only deflects but does not alter the idea of the poem. That idea, as Ibsen says in one of his letters, might have been set forth, though with different circumstance, if Brand had been an artist, a statesman, or a man of science. He is not a fanatic, unless to be a strict logician under the empire of the spirit is to be a fanatic; granted his premises, all his action, if he be a man of single mind, necessarily follows.

Puritanism was named by Carlyle the last of the heroisms. Brand is a Puritan and an idealist, but Ibsen dreams of a higher and saner heroism than that of Brand—the heroism of "the third empire," when the right man shall have come and swallowed up both Emperor and Galilean. To be a whole man, however, even under the rule of an incomplete conception of what manhood is, is a greater thing than to be a half man, and a whole man Brand is, according to his idea, which is an idea incomplete in itself, but on the way to a higher and truer idea. "How can I will the impossible?" asks Julian of the mystic Maximus, and Maximus replied by the question, "Is it worth while to will what is possible?" What Julian could not do is achieved by Brand—he wills the impossible, as every uncompromising idealist must, and he perishes in the act.

The absolute tendency in Brand's logic is stimulated and reinforced by the incoherence and inconsequence of the society in which he lives and moves. With the folk around him, it is a little of this and a little of that—things out of which no consistency can be made—and therefore with him it must be "All or nothing," pushed even to the extreme issue. He is a man among fragments of men. Apart from Ibsen's satirical indictment of Norwegian society, such a condition of moral faintheartedness and spiritual

lethargy was needed to enhance by contrast the uncompromising valiancy of the hero and his fidelity to an idea. The Mayor, representative of the secular power, is only a petty wheel of the state machinery; his honest efforts in the ways of use and wont relieve the public conscience from all that might spur men to originality and individual effort. The Dean, representative of the spiritual power, is also no more than a state official, a moral drill-sergeant, a corporal who leads his troop at the regulation pace to church on one day of the week; as to the other days, they are not his affair, for faith and life must be kept discreetly apart. Neither mayor nor dean is an independent will, or an intelligence, or a soul; neither of them has a human personality in the true sense of that word.

Brand is at least an individual will, and, therefore, a man. Even in attempting to efface self, and to make his spirit a clean tablet on which God may write, he is in truth realizing and affirming himself. And yet Brand's idea—that proper to the empire of the spirit—is a tyrannous idea, which starves his intelligence, chills his human affections, and conducts him to the icy and sterile region where he must perish. Something of human love he learns through Agnes and his boy, and, after he has lost Agnes, he feels in a pathetic way that without the wisdom of human love he must needs strive in vain. But the tyranny of the idea requires the martyrdom of all natural affections. He dreams of a church of humanity, and at least the virtue is in him of aspiration and desire. But the only church which he can attain is Svartetind, the "ice-church," where the distracted girl Gerd is the only votary. The avalanche thunders down, and the judgment—a judgment including mercy—on all Brand's endeavor is heard in the Voice which proclaims "He is a God of Love."

It was a daring experiment of Ibsen to present in a companion poem to "Brand," as the chief person of the

poem, an individual whose distinguishing characteristic is that he has no individuality. Peer Gynt is not, like Julian, a divided nature; he is not, like Brand, single and indivisible; like the women of Pope's satire, Peer Gynt has "no character at all." Will, intellect, love, are needed, one or all, to constitute true personality. Peer has none of these; he is simply a bundle of appetites, desires, shadows of ideas thrown upon him from without, and fantasies which for him almost, but not quite, succeed in becoming facts. In his strange experiment Ibsen was singularly successful. Through all the Norwegian scenes Peer is a delightful person, worth a wilderness of heroic King Hakons or resolute Dr. Stockmanns. The cosmopolitan Peer of Morocco and elsewhere loses much of his attractiveness.

Nowhere else is Ibsen so genial as in "Peer Gynt," yet the faith that is in him compels him to be also stern. If Brand is a Norwegian Don Quixote, Peer is a charming, irresponsible Autolycus of the fells and fjords. Ibsen himself, being, despite his genius for fantasy, a desperately earnest person, gives warrant for heavy moralizings over his hero, if any one is prone to indulge them; but the Norwegian Peer, if not his prosperous second self, full-blown in Yankee methods of business, leaps too lightly over the laws of morality, to be captured and indicted solemnly before an ethical tribunal. He compares himself happily to an onion, from which layer after layer may be peeled, which indeed is nothing but swathings with neither core nor kernel at the center. But this in itself is a distinction and gives your onion its character—this and a certain savor by which, with our eyes shut, we can recognize and name the bulb. And Peer has an atmosphere and aroma much more agreeable than that of an onion.

"Tell me now," asked Peer's creator of his friend Björnson, "is not Peer Gynt a personality, complete and indi-

vidual?" That he assuredly is. Like Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson of Berkeley Square, Peer may be rejected by the guardian of heaven's gate and the devil may refuse to waste good coal on such a phantasmal spirit. It can be proved from the text of the poem that Peer has no good ground for a stay of judgment when the Button-molder demands his soul for the melting-ladle, unless it be that his true self has all the while existed in Solveig's heart. Peer has never put forth a substantial piece of virtue; he has never sinned a whole sin; he is neither true man nor true troll. Off with him, therefore, to the melting pot! And yet Solveig here seems somewhat of an impertinence; we cannot exactly construe the metaphor of Peer's personality made substantial by Solveig's love. There is surely some Limbo of Vanities on the other side of the moon where Peer, in his own right, may be immortal and may still recount his incomparable feats of the Gendin-Edge. Or shall we say that the Limbo of Vanities is that of literature in which Ibsen has placed Peer, and where he has in truth obtained immortality?

Intellect seizing and holding a truth, love expounding the significance and the relations of that truth, will satisfied with nothing less than incarnating the truth in a deed—these, as Ibsen conceives it, constitute a complete human personality. For such a complete man or woman the whole of morality is comprised in the words, "Man, be thyself." The law for such a one is that of self-realization; he acts with his entire nature fused into unity, by virtue of what Ibsen names a "free necessity"; the compulsion is no external constraint; it is within the man, and therefore he is absolutely free.

Hence the problems of the complete or the incomplete human being, the single or the divided nature, are profoundly interesting to Ibsen; and hence, too, the problems of the life founded upon the rock of truth and the lives built upon the sands of illusion, the

illusions of ignoble self-interest, which leaves out of consideration all that really constitutes "self," the illusions of conventional morality, social responsibility, mere use and wont, and that kind of pseudo-religion which is only a form of postponed self-interest. The life erected upon a lie and the life established upon the truth are themes which he is drawn again and again to contemplate and, in dramatic fashion, to discuss with the most searching and eager insistence. He bores and mines underneath the surface of life into passions and motives, where the light is faint or where thick darkness dwells, in the hope that he may strike upon the ultimate, incontrovertible fact.

The crisis in his plays often corresponds to what in another order of ideas and experience would be named religious conversion. But conversion in Ibsen's plays means simply being brought face to face with a truth of life and "realizing" its power and virtue in some act which gives a death-blow to the lie. Sometimes the unwrapping of the swathe-bands of self-deception is a long and laborious process; sometimes this is effected swiftly in an hour or in a moment. Then for the first time genuine "self-realization" becomes possible; intelligence, love and will coalesce in some act of "free necessity."

It must be remembered, however, that while these three are the elements from which character is formed, there may exist in a human being certain deep, uncontrollable forces, emerging into consciousness from some subconscious region. A man or woman possessing or rather possessed by these would have been termed by Goethe "daemonic"; the phrase of Ibsen is that there is a little, or perhaps much, in him of the troll. The troll element is a source of danger; its action is incalculable and irresponsible, except as other elements of character may arrest or control its progress. But if it is a source of danger, it is also a source of power. Had King Skule even a little of the troll within him, the history of

Norway might have been other than it was.

For setting forth his ideas, for the conduct of the action of his plays, and for the exposition of his dramatis personae, Ibsen forged a remarkable instrument in his prose dialogue. He has taken with singular fidelity the mold of actual, living converse between two minds at play upon, and into, and through each other, in which the thought or feeling evolved belongs to neither alone, and is not so much communicated from mind to mind as produced by the swift interaction of the pair. The shuttle plies incessantly to and fro, and the pattern of the web grows before our eyes. Question, reply, suggestion, development, pause, anticipation, hesitancy—these, and all else of which conversation is made up, are most ingeniously reproduced. The conventions of the stage are ignored; there are no asides and no soliloquies.

And yet in striving to be real Ibsen has missed a part of reality. The dialogue, in its manner, seems like the type or the abstract of a hundred conversations to which we have listened, or in which we have borne a part. But although the matter varies with this person of the drama and with that, the manner lacks variety and individuality, a lack which is not really disguised by the recurrence of some catchword or phrase on the lips of this or the other speaker. Ibsen, aiming at reality, in truth narrowed the range of dramatic dialogue. His speakers are never rhetorical, except when they are born rhetoricians, like Stensgaard, or born sentimentalist like Hjalmar Ekdal; when passion grows tense, the speech is ordinarily most concentrated and simple. The dialogue seldom errs by excess of brilliancy, seldom glitters with epigram or flashes with paradox.

But in reality we are all at times rhetoricians, and often poor ones, when we would express a passion that only half possesses us; we are ill-trained actors—the best of us—faultily rendering an emotion that may be genuine,

and Ibsen has missed this fact. And even your dullard will on occasion make his brilliant rapier-thrust of speech; while your epigram-maker may stumble on occasions into a simple and natural utterance. The range of varying levels of dramatic dialogue in Shakespeare is incomparably wider than it is in Ibsen; there is in Shakespeare incomparably more variety and individuality in the modes of speech. His verse is often nearer to the required realism of the stage—which is never literal reality—than is Ibsen's prose.

In passing from the dramas which deal with historical and romantic matter—"Lady Inger," "The Vikings" and "The Pretenders"—to the plays of modern life, Ibsen gradually came to connect and to define his leading ideas. In *Lady Inger of Oestraat* he presents rather a conflict of motives—maternal passion at war with the passion of patriotism—than a divided nature essentially at odds with itself. It is the circumstances of her life and her time which bring division into *Fru Inger's* spirit and produce the tragedy.

The idea of the havoc wrought for two lives by even a generous suppression of the truth is a leading motive in "The Vikings," but Ibsen's chief joy in writing that noble play must have been in the mere presentation of the Valkyrie woman, *Hjördis*, possessed by a single consuming desire which glorifies and which destroys her. For "The Pretenders" we might find a motto in the words "faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers." King Hakon, the whole man, called by God and the people to his throne, confident in his call, possessed of a great and generous thought—the unity of the nation—single in will and resolute in act, is set over against the divided man, God's stepchild on earth, Earl Skule, who questions his own claim, who doubts even to the point of doubting his doubt, who has no great thought of his own, but would filch that of his rival, whose good and evil instincts tremble and trip

each the other whose faltering ambition needs the support of that faith given by another which he cannot find in himself, yet who dies at the last in the joy of an expiation and an atonement.

King Hakon, whole and at one with himself, is the man of good fortune—"he whom the cravings of his time seize like a passion, begetting thoughts he himself cannot fathom, and pointing to paths which lead he knows not whither, but which he follows and must follow until he hears the people shout for joy." He puts his total self into every act, impelled by the free necessity of his complete manhood. This idea of "free necessity" receives its most luminous illustration in the denouement of a much later drama, "The Lady from the Sea." In matrimonial advertisements the candidate wife—as if woman were naturally a creature of the wild—commonly announces that she is "thoroughly domesticated." This merit certainly could not have been claimed for herself by the second Mrs. Wangel. She pines for the unattainable freedom of which the sea is the symbol; it affrights her, but it allures her even more than it affrights; and the stranger from the sea is to Ellida the promise of this freedom. Such a deep, instinctive longing for freedom cannot be overmastered by external restraint; it can be met and controlled only by a higher freedom.

The physician has at all times been the victim of raillery with writers of comedy; but the physicians of Ibsen's plays, with scarcely an exception, are either wise or shrewd, or, in their own fashion, heroic. Dr. Wangel, having diagnosed the case, discovers the nature of his wife's strange malady; by a supreme act of self-surrendering love, which is also an act of the finest discretion, he releases Ellida from every restraint; she is absolutely free to make her choice between the sea and her home, between the stranger and himself. What is best and highest in

Ellida is awakened by the sudden recognition of her husband's love, by the remembrance of an affectionate word of her stepdaughter, Boletta, and by a new sense of responsibility. Her whole nature—brain and heart, conscience and will—is instantly fused into unity, and on the moment declares itself in an act of free and final election, which delivers her from the sick yearning for the lower kind of freedom that had made her home a prisoner's cage.

By no preaching of moralities, by no fear of social disrepute, by no bonds of legal right or ecclesiastical control, the Lady from the Sea is converted, reclaimed, and, in the matrimonial formula, "thoroughly domesticated." Ellida has never been a shrew who needed taming; her ailment, however, was harder to deal with than Kate's; and by a different and a more courageous treatment the good Dr. Wangel has been as successful as was Petruchio. Ellida desires freedom, but she also desires love and the work which issues from love. A lighter nature desiring freedom alone might have followed the mysterious stranger.

So Mala, in "When We Dead Awaken," who neither sought nor found love in the sculptor's luxurious villa, is beguiled by the lower freedom, even when the promise of it is made by a vigorous brute who hunts alike bears and women, and her triumphant song is heard at the moment when her sculptor and his spiritual bride are conveniently disposed of by a benevolent avalanche.

Ibsen advanced to his modern social plays through a comedy which was also a satirical study of political parties in Norway, "The League of Youth." While engaged upon its composition, he called it a "peaceable" play, but the hisses, the cat-calls and the applause in the theatre, when it was first represented at Christiania, must have undeceived him. It placed for a time Ibsen and his friend Björnson in hostile camps. The unmasking of an adventurer, half-deceiver, half



self-deceived, a no infrequent theme of comedy. What is proper to Ibsen in the character of his political adventurer is the conception of moral disintegration—"soul, disposition, will, talents, all pulling in different ways"—the jarring elements being yet bound together by a fierce and ruthless egoism. Stensgaard is himself intoxicated by the enthusiasm of his liberal sentiments and his effusive rhetoric; and behind the goodly show lurks a sordid soul, as small and hard as it is mean, which waits till the fifth act to be stripped naked and exposed to the general view.

Such is the pseudo-democratic leader and the pretended reformer of established society. But the representatives of constituted authority may be just as pretentious and just as hollow. In the title of his play, *"The Pillars of Society,"* Ibsen concentrates an indignant irony. It tells the story of a life that has been erected upon a lie, a structure specious but desperately insecure, and it exhibits the social environment, with its vulgar pletisms and conventional morals and manners, which gives opportunity to the architect of such a structure. Consul Bernick, the virtuous husband, has had his disgraceful adventure with an actress, and has transferred the shame which should be his to an innocent man; he has sacrificed the honest passion of his youth for a mercenary marriage; he has saved the credit of the house of Bernick by a lie. Consul Bernick, the public-spirited citizen, has engineered his great railway project merely with a view to private greed; and he, whose mission it is to be an example to his townfolk, will send *"The Indian Girl"* to sea with rotten timbers and sham repairs.

By the side of this worthy pillar of society stands another, Rector Rörlund, whose edifying readings and self-gratulatory moral comments instruct the ladies who sacrifice themselves by plain-stitching on behalf of the Lapsed and Lost, and fill the intervals of read-

ing and moral discourse with scandals, slanders and spites. "Oh! if I could only get far away!" cries that child of nature, Dina Dorf, "I could get on well enough by myself, if only the people I lived amongst weren't so—so—so proper and moral." As her last possible service to the man whom she had loved, that flouter of the proprieties, Lona, would get firm ground under Bernick's feet. But firm ground can be won only by a public confession of his iniquities and by righting the generous man who had been his scapegoat. Such a confession is wrung from him by the agony of joy at the recovery of the lost son who—it seemed—had perished as the victim of the father's crime. And with the attainment of firm ground a new life may begin.

"For many years," exclaims Bernick's wife, just before the curtain is rung down, "I have believed that you had once been mine, and I had lost you. Now I know that you never were mine; but I shall win you." In *"The Pillars of Society"* there is nothing fine or subtle. Ibsen's pleading for rectitude is written with a broad-nibbed pen. But stage effect and stage ethics are not always enhanced by subtlety.

The same expression, "Life erected upon a lie," is the formula for both *"A Doll's House"* and *"Ghosts."* But in these plays Ibsen turns from the life of society to domestic life. In the words of Mrs. Bernick just quoted and in a speech of Selma in *"The League of Youth"* the germ of *"A Doll's House"* may be discovered. The truth of married life can be found only when the woman is seen not as an adjunct or appendage, formed for the ease or pleasure of her husband, but as herself a complete individual, who has entered into an alliance of mutual help. The charming Nora is a sweet little song bird, a little lark, a pretty squirrel—anything graceful and petted, but not a reasonable and responsible woman. She is an exquisite toy in her husband's hands, and he would be to her a conscience and a will. He has found his

doll-life, who plays such delightful tricks, amusing, but loved her, in the true sense of the word, he has not. And she has never known him; she has been living with "a strange man" for eight years and borne him three children.

Her whole married life has been a lie; now suddenly the truth breaks in upon her; and she must be alone in order to see things clearly and to think things out aright. Husband and children have no claim upon her; she must understand and in some measure realize herself before she can render any true service to others. Inquiries should be set on foot to ascertain whether a manuscript may not lurk in some house in Christiania entitled "Nora Helmer's Reflections in Solitude"; it would be a document of singular interest, and probably would conclude with the words, "To-morrow I return to Torvald; have been exactly a week away; shall insist on a free woman's right to unlimited macaroons as test of his reform."

The last scene of the play, in which Nora quits her husband's house, did not at first commend itself to Eleonora Duse, though in the end she accepted it. The prompt instinct of a great actress is perhaps more to be trusted than her later judgment—or perhaps submission. To that scene Ibsen attached the highest importance; for its sake, he declares, "I may almost say the whole play was written." Yet, hearing that it might suffer alteration on the German stage, he did what he calls an act of barbaric violence to his idea; an alternative scene was provided in which Nora is led by her husband to the door of the children's bedroom, and there sinks down before the curtain falls. The uncompromising author had condescended to a compromise; it was as if Brand had come to terms with the Dean.

Whatever may have been Nora's final decision, the unhappier Mrs. Alving pulled the heavy door behind her with loud reverberations. It was

her error that she did not seek solitude, in which to study the wreck of her life and think things clear. The shadows projected on the present from our own or our parents' past are not the only "ghosts"; dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs are ghosts as formidable, which, like the great Boyg of "Peer Gynt," conquer but do not fight.

And for Mrs. Alving the ghost-leader is the prudently pious Pastor Manders. From that discreet counselor she learns the duty of a wife to an erring husband; she takes up the burden of her sorrow and tries to hide its shame. Not to conceal any wrongdoing of her own, but through a false idea of duty and a false idea of honor, she converts her life into one long, elaborate and piteous fraud. The recoll from Pastor Manders's ghosts carries her to the opposite order of ideas, pushed perhaps—for she is a woman—to an extreme; yet still she acts out her lie and will canonize Captain Alving's saintly memory with her orphanage. At last a terrible necessity demands a full disclosure of the truth to her son; but it has no healing efficacy for him or for her. The terrible ghosts of heredity take the place of the ghosts which she had exorcised, and she sinks the victim of the veritable Furies of an age of science.

The public howled and the critics flung their heaviest stones at the author of "Ghosts." The author faced round upon his pursuers and shook his fist at them in "An Enemy of the People." The formula of the play is no longer "a life erected on a lie," but "a life founded on the truth," and Ibsen—only for dramatic purposes a less perspicacious Ibsen—is his own hero. It was not he who has made the water of the baths poisonous and the whole place pestilential. He has only submitted the water to scientific tests, and announced the fact that it swarms with infusoria. True, the representatives of law and order, the press, the middle-class liberal majority, the

householders' association, are all united against him; but what of that?

The majority are always in the wrong; "the Liberals are the worst foes of free men," and "party programmes wring the necks of all young and vital truths." Ibsen, as Dr. Stockmann, ends with his word of defiance—"The strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone." Dr. Stockmann, of the Baths, is an Athanasius contra mundum; a Galileo with his *E pur si muove*. And yet Ibsen does not deny that the champion of truth must suffer in the cause; beside other calamities patent to the doctor and his excellent family, it is discovered that his foes have torn a hole in his black trousers. No critic of "An Enemy of the People" can spare his readers the sentence beginning with "The strongest man upon earth" as the heroic moral of the play; but perhaps, for a full statement of the truth, it should be conjoined with another sentence: "One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth."

Ibsen's biographer, Henrik Jaeger, represents "The Wild Duck" as the outcome of a mood of despondency, and almost of pessimism, following upon the excitement of self-defense which produced "An Enemy of the People." This surely is a misconception. Having shaken his fist at the hostile crowd, Ibsen parleys with them. He begs to inform them that everything they have alleged against him and his doctrine is better known to himself than to them. They have cried aloud that his teaching is dangerous, and he repeats the words—Yes, certainly it is dangerous.

Every new and every true doctrine of life is an edged tool. Children and fools ought not to play with tools that may cut to the bone. And who will deny that a man's worst foes may be found among his own disciples, when they happen to be fools? Caricature, if you please, the principles which I have maintained, cries Ibsen, and he proceeds to show in "The Wild Duck" that

he takes no responsibility for the caricatures of his own professed followers, whose abuse of true principles he understands only too well. This is no outcome of despondency on his part; it is a mode of bringing into action his second line of defense.

We do well to present the claims of the ideal; but "when crazy people," as the good, ignorant Gina shrewdly says, "go about presenting the claims of the what-do-you-call-it," who can answer for the consequences? If a Gregers Werle elects himself to a "mission," we know what must follow. And who with a grain of common sense would try to put firm ground under the feet of a Hjalmar Ekdal, when the man himself is so fashioned as to convert inevitably every truth presented to him into a lie? There is virtue in the humble common sense and practical energy of poor Gina. Dr. Relling, though his theory of life may be false, at least perceives the fact that Hjalmar is compounded of self-indulgence, vanity and sentimental folly. Mrs. Sörby is not perhaps a perfect woman nobly planned, but she can conduct her affairs with some honesty and good judgment. Each of these is capable of handling a truth or the fragment of a truth to useful ends.

But the edged tool of truth—even though it be an admirable instrument in itself—can only work mischief in the hands of a Gregers, and the highest of truths with a Hjalmar can only fold him in some new delusion. Meanwhile the innocent may be the victim; little Hedvig lies dead; and before long her death will supply her supposed father with a pretty theme for sentimental declamation.

Life erected upon a lie, life established upon the truth, had occupied Ibsen long. In "Rosmersholm" there is a terrible concealment of truth followed by a terrible disclosure, but the problem of the true life and the false is here complicated with the problem of a divided nature. Rebecca West is in her intellect, as Kroll names her,

an emancipated woman. She has read herself into a number of new ideas and opinions: "You have got a sort of smattering of recent discoveries in various fields"—so discourses the astute Kroll—"discoveries that appear to overturn certain principles that have hitherto been held impregnable and unassailable." But, he adds, and Rebecca cannot deny that he speaks with justice, "all this has been only a matter of the intellect, Miss West—only knowledge. It has not passed into your blood."

She sees Rosmer bound in the trammels of the old faith, and languishing in his union with an ailing, hysterical wife. She imagines him freed from the ghosts of beliefs that have had their day, freed from the servitude of a weary marriage, and advancing joyously by her side to struggle and victory. Her passion for Rosmer, her emancipated intellect, and something of the Viking spirit co-operate within her, and she resolves that he shall be hers. She wins him over to her new ideas, and while maintaining the appearance of being the unhappy Beata's devoted friend and attendant, by a system of slow torture she drives Rosmer's wife to the mill-race.

A year of what seems pure and disinterested friendship follows, and during this year, under Rosmer's influence, her heart in its gentler feelings and her conscience, which had lagged behind her intellect, are awakened to activity. Rest descends on her soul, "a stillness as of one of our northern bird-cliffs under the midnight sun." The wild desire within her dies and self-denying love is born. She renounces joy, makes frank confession of her extinct Viking passion and her sin; and since death is the test which alone can restore his lost faith in her to Rosmer, she prepares to execute justice on herself. But now the pair are in truth united; they have become one in spirit; for Rosmer true life is gained in the moment when life is to be lost; and thus in their death the spiritual

husband and wife are not divided. The composition of forces resulting from emancipated ideas and the old faith in the blood has its tragic issue in the mill-race.

The theme of "Hedda Gabler" can be expressed in a word; it is neither the life founded on truth, nor the life erected on a lie; it is the baseless life. The beautiful Hedda knows neither love nor duty, nor is she possessed even by a passionate egoism; she is capable of no real joy, no beneficent sorrow; she simply alternates between prolonged boredom and brief excitements. She seems to arise out of nothing and to tend nowhither. Had her luck been better than to be the wife of a rather stout, blond, spectacled, young aspirant Professor who is entirely happy when he can stuff his bag with transcripts concerning the domestic industries of Brabant during the Middle Ages, her existence would not have been essentially changed. She comes from the void, and into the void she goes.

Her death was not an act of courage, whatever Judge Brack may say; it was only the last note struck of her wild dance-music, and has at best an esthetic propriety. There is not substance enough in her even to go into the melting-ladle of Peer Gynt's button-molder; she cannot be recast; she is extinguished, and that is all. Judge Brack will find place in another triple alliance and perhaps be cock of another walk. George Tesman will assist Mrs. Elvsted in her pious labors, may throw from her inspiring mind a pallid illumination on the industries of Brabant, and will transcribe many more invaluable documents. The whole of Hedda's story is summed up in the fact that she has pulled her dear friend Thea's irritating hair and effectually scorched the curls. She has had her entrance, and has had her exit.

As Ibsen felt his hold grow stronger on his public, he became more venturesome and experimental in his art. He had early left romantic art behind him

and had advanced to his own peculiar kind of realism; now he would appropriate something from what has chosen to name itself symbolism. In Ibsen's plays symbolism means that an act, while intelligible as an act, is also a metaphor, which gives the act a wider meaning, or that words tending to action have a secondary and fuller significance over and above their direct import.

Some lives, says a speaker in "Peer Gynt," are fiddles which can be patched and repaired, some are bells which, if cracked, cannot be mended. This is a metaphor. But if the action of the play showed us a man vainly endeavoring to mend a cracked bell, we should at once surmise the presence of a secondary and symbolic intention on the part of the writer. When such symbolism in any degree diverts the action of the play from what is real and natural, it becomes illegitimate; the secondary meaning does not then lie in the action, but is forced upon it.

It cannot be said that Ibsen always avoids this danger. Both the action and the dialogue of "The Master-BUILDER," which may serve as an example of his latest group of plays, are denaturalized by the symbolic intentions. It is a drama in which thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion play a part. That excellent critic, Mr. William Archer, to whom, with his fellow-laborers, we are indebted for a translation of Ibsen's works as spirited as it is faithful, was so far hypnotized by the writer's genius as to maintain that we can give imaginative credence to both the action and the dialogue of "The Master-BUILDER," considered apart from their double meaning. His friend, Mr. Walkley, had been protected by some fine nonconducting medium from the hypnotic spell. Mr. Archer in his trance uttered ingenious words in defense of the play, but to one who remained awake they were not quite convincing.

"The Master-BUILDER," more perhaps than any other work of Ibsen's, swarms

with ideas, and to catch at these ideas and bring them under their law is a fascinating exercise in gymnastics. The action has all the consequence and logic which a dream seems to have while we are still dreaming, and all the inconsequence and absurdity which we perceive in our dream when we awake. The arrival of Hilda, the story of the church-tower, the three nurseries, the nine beautiful dolls, the climbing of ladders are the coinage of Queen Mab; with the catastrophe we start, are open-eyed, and behold it was a dream. Halverd Solness, the master-builder, has erected his fortunes on the ruin of the lives of others, and, among them, of his own wife. Yet with all his greed of ambition he possesses little of the true Viking-spirit, and his conscience is the reverse of "robust." It is, once again, the problem of the divided nature.

A day comes when he decides that he will build no more churches for God; he will build only homes wherein men may be happy. But his own home has been made unhappy by his fierce ambition and its consequences. He can no longer believe in happy homes. What then remains for him to build? Only castles in the air, for in these alone can human happiness reside. And to such a pursuit of unattainable ideals the younger generation which he had feared, yet toward which he had yearned, now represented by a woman, who is to him like a sunrise, pricks him on. He will build with her—his fairy princess—his beautiful castle in the air.

But the test of his capacity for such an achievement is that he shall for once do the impossible—mount to the dizzy summit of his tower, and there hold commune with the Powers above. He mounts, stands for an instant triumphant, totters, falls and is dead. All this hangs together coherently enough as the shadowing-forth of an idea. As a sequence of real incidents in this real world of ours it does not rebuke that critic who called it "a bewildering farrago of rubbish."



## **The Dancing Girl.**

**By CHRISTOPHER SHADOW.**

She danced, and all the world stood still  
And gazed in wonder and delight,  
And marveled her bewitching skill,  
Half doubting their bewildered sight.  
Hers was no strained and stilted pose—  
A dainty step—a wave—a whirl—  
As if with gentle breath a rose  
The breeze had kissed so danced the girl.

She danced. Terpsichore could learn  
From the grace of her body's rhythmical turn,  
As it bended and wended in time with the play  
Of the flutes and the strings in harmonious sway.  
Like the melody of a symphonic song  
She gracefully slid and glided along,  
And the quaint measured step of her dear little feet,  
Now kissing the floor, now caressing the air,  
Was of loveliness quite as tender and sweet  
As her smiling lips, and her eyes, and her hair.  
In truth she gave joy from the tips of her toes  
To the pert little end of her pert little nose.

She danced, and all the world stood still!  
Then should not I her charms proclaim,  
And praise her soul-bewitching skill  
And build an altar to her fame?  
With laurel wreaths and flowers gay  
Her merry path I fain would strew,  
And smooth with happiness her way,  
And praise each day her grace anew.

## The Warriors of the Waters.\*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

### INTRODUCTION.

**I** HAVE always been convinced that notwithstanding the discoveries made in all parts of the world by armies of explorers, there exist many things, many lands and strange beings that we wot not of, the like of which we have never dreamed in our philosophy. This conviction has been strengthened in no small measure by the extraordinary adventures that happened to me in Eastern Asia, and which I venture to recount in detail, partly from data committed to my diary, partly from memory; for though, as it will be seen, circumstances were not always favorable to the taking of notes, the events which befel in such rapid succession were of so startling a nature as to impress themselves indelibly upon my mind.

Yes, there are many mysterious places on the earth: swamp and forest land, mountains and subterranean regions with marvelous rivers that still remain uncharted. Travelers have no doubt skirted them, but have been headed off by bogs and stagnant waters breeding sickness and death, by hunger and thirst, and impenetrable brushwood. In regard to caverns, speaking only of Europe, Asia and America—for certain parts of Africa and Australia are still terra incognita, and no man has penetrated to the extreme Arctic and Antarctic latitudes—there are several wonderful grottoes, even in France itself, that have never been explored.

What I am about to relate is the plain, unvarnished truth, and inasmuch as I am inventing nothing, I make bold to say that it is one of the most stirring, most absorbing stories of travel and adventure ever told. Should the reader fail to indorse my opinion, it will be because I am unable to set down my exploits in a sufficiently attractive manner, but this will detract nothing from their phenomenal character.

I will refrain from unnecessary preliminary explanations. Suffice it to say that despite my comparative youthfulness, I accompanied, in the capacity of naturalist and physician, the geographical expedition sent out a few years ago by the French Government to the regions of the Amoor on the confines of Russia in Asia and the Chinese Empire. Our leader was Jean Louis Devreuse, captain of the cruiser *Hero* whose fame as an explorer of the Antarctic regions being universal, it is not needful for me to descant upon.

The story begins in the eighth month of our voyage.

ROBERT FARVILLE.

### PART ONE.

#### I.

#### THE LAND OF DREARY WATERS.

The country through which we were traveling is remarkable for its fecundity. Few, if any, human beings live there. Profound silence reigns over the formidable marshes. The brute creation increases and multiplies un-

\*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

disturbed on land and in the water: birds fill the air to the very clouds; the rivers positively teem with aquatic life. There the soul expands. For months I felt the intoxicating joy of living, gave full freedom to the flights of my fancy and imagination.

At the outset we saw large droves of wild horses and packs of wolves and bears roving about, and great flocks of cranes and wood pigeons rose as we approached them.

Then we came to the marshes. A country of uncertain, uninviting appearance stretched away to the left, juttied with long capes upon which innumerable herons ruminated solemnly and the wind moaned among the rushes. We waded through several weed-covered lagoons, and crossed a deep swamp on a raft made from a tree that had been blasted and stricken down by lightning. And the black-looking country widened, heaving with feverish reptilian life: gigantic toads hopped along the banks, serpents wriggled in the mud and rotting herbage, myriads of insects burrowed in the soft soil. Insipid, sickly gases that became phosphorescent at night and flickered in countless wills-o'-the-wisp rose from the bogs. The sky cloudy and opaque, was so low that it seemed to rest upon the strips of earth that barred the slimy waters in the distance. It was grandiose, but frightful, and it filled us with awe. We pushed on, not having the courage to turn back, and daily expecting to reach drier and more salubrious country.

It was toward the end of August. For three weeks we had been roaming at hazard, trusting to luck to pull us through. In crossing some rapids we lost our tents, and our men were visibly discouraged; but the chief would not give up. Imbued with the restless spirit of exploration, endowed with stubborn energy, stern, implacable, almost cruel, he pertained to that race of aggressive fighters who scorn all obstacles, rule men with an iron hand and know how to die heroically, if

necessary, but whose private life is morose, monotonous, devoid of interest. He held us under the yoke of his will.

Our Asiatic guide had lost his reckoning completely, and had not the remotest idea as to where we were. To all our inquiries he replied with the impassible sadness peculiar to Orientals:

"Me no sabe—land of bad men—me no sabe."

Our men began to show signs of mutiny. I personally did not care. My only anxiety was for dainty little Sabine Devreuse, daughter of the captain. How ever she obtained permission to accompany the expedition I could never understand. Doubtless the captain, in capitulating to her pleading, had imagined that the journey would be a short one and fraught with no particular danger. It is a fact that those who wander about the world become in course of time inexplicably optimistic and place unbounded confidence in their lucky star.

Each day Sabine Devreuse had become dearer to me. She shed the light of grace over the company. Because of her our arduous journey seemed to me but a happy excursion, our halts in the evening an incomparable poem. Notwithstanding her delicate beauty and frail appearance she was never ill, scarcely ever weary.

One morning we thought we had reached a more promising territory. The captain was disposed to congratulate himself, for we were crossing a plain that was only dotted by a few ponds.

"We shall emerge to the east, probably on to prairie land, as I foresaw," he said.

I confess I did not share his optimism. As I gazed toward the horizon I had the presentiment that we were far from being at the end of our troubles. It turned out that my apprehensions were well founded for we were soon floundering in the swamps again. To add to our discomfort a steady, interminable downpour of rain set in. The

ground, where there happened to be any, was covered with spongy moss, and mucous lichens. We wasted days in going round deep swamps, while all kinds of paludinous creatures glided about and frightened our horses. Our water-proof overcoats were worn full of holes and we were drenched to the skin.

Our halt on August 30, on a small stony eminence that would not have afforded shelter to a rat and was bare of anything that could serve as fuel was one of the most disheartening episodes of the voyage. The captain, as stiff and stern as the Assyrians escorting their prisoners on the bas-reliefs of Khorsabab, spoke to no one. An abominable twilight was expiring in the deluge. The implacable humidity, the funereal greyness, exercised a still more depressing effect upon everybody. Sabine Devreuse alone summed up courage enough to smile. Dear girl! She symbolized the comfort of our Western homes; and in listening to her silvery voice I forgot alike my sadness and lassitude.

Figure to yourself, if you can, our position, lying on the viscous soil in absolute darkness; for it was the period of the new moon, and the sky was covered from east to west with three-fold curtains of clouds. Yet I slept, though my slumber was disturbed at intervals by frightful nightmares.

About an hour before dawn our horses began to stamp and snort with terror, and made frantic efforts to break their leather halters. The guide touched my arm.

"The man-eater!" he said.

You cannot imagine the horror these words inspired in the inky darkness and the cold, incessant douche. I sat up quickly and reached for my rifle, which was protected by a case of thick oiled leather. Then I peered into the darkness. I might as well have tried to look through a brick wall.

"How do you know?" I asked.

A muffled growl on the plain answered the question and left no room for

doubt that the man spoke sooth. It was, indeed, the great man-eating tiger of the north, successor, if not the descendant, of the lord of the quaternary age, that crosses the frozen rivers to ravage the small cities of the Amoor.

It was not the first time he had tracked us, but previously twelve men, well armed, all good shots, and protected by a bright camp fire had nothing to fear. Now, however, it was different. Though he could see us, we could not see him in the dense night, blacker than the Egyptian plague of darkness, strain our eyes as we would, and could only await the attack in anxious suspense.

"Form a square," ordered the captain.

We sprang to our feet. The horses were plunging more frantically than ever, and it would have been dangerous to seek to use them as a rampart against the enemy.

"He come—me hear him!" exclaimed the guide.

No one doubted that he was right for we all knew that the Asiatic's hearing was wonderfully acute, and—oh! that wall of humidity, that pall of rain, the unspeakable mystery of the night! I in turn soon heard the monster creeping stealthily toward us. The feeling that he could see us, was preparing to spring upon us suddenly, without warning, filled us with dread. It was calculated to make the bravest quail, and it did.

There was a pause. The tiger was probably hesitating in the choice of his victim. He must have been astonished at the presence of men and horses in those endless solitudes. Then we could hear him moving again. He was somewhere to the left of my side of the square and nearer to us than the horses.

"Take a chance shot," murmured Devreuse to me, for I was considered to be the best marksman of the troop.

A roar followed the sharp crack of the rifle, and then we heard the fall of a heavy body. Next we knew that the tiger was very near to us, for we could

hear him breathing heavily, in short gasps.

"Shoot, Lachal, you, too, Alcuin!" cried the captain.

By the light of the two flashes we saw the monster crouching to spring, then, before Devreuse could give another order, there was a rush through the air, and in the impenetrable darkness arose the agonized shriek of a man.

For two seconds we were paralyzed with horror. No one dared to shoot. Another shriek, a crunching sound, and somebody fired. The flash revealed two men on the ground and the tiger preparing to strike down a third victim. A shower of blows with the butt end of the rifles descended upon the man-eater, and four reports rang out, answered by a prolonged, frightful howl.

"He wounded," whispered the guide.

Hardly had he spoken when there was another roar, I felt a great mass hurled against me, and I was seized, rolled over, shaken as a rat is shaken by a terrier, and carried off.

"It is all up with me," I thought.

An incredible resignation came over me, a sort of lucid hallucination. I gave myself up to death. I was not hurt and I still clutched my rifle.

After awhile the tiger stopped. I was dropped on the ground, felt a hot, fetid breath upon my face, and suddenly all my resignation gave place to extreme terror and regret of life. A great paw descended upon me, and I felt that I was about to be crushed, torn to pieces and devoured.

"Farewell!" I shouted feebly.

In my desperation I had instinctively raised my rifle. A flash, a report! The tiger howled and leaped into the air. I, extended on the ground, awaited death. I could hear a heavy grunting three paces from me. A glimmer of hope entered my breast: How is this? Am I to live, am I to die? Why is the monster grunting and rolling, instead of taking his vengeance?

He struggled up, fell down again,

there was a frightful gasp, then silence. The next thing I knew I was on my feet and heard the sound of approaching voices.

"He very dead!" exclaimed the Asiatic, and his hand seized mine in the darkness.

I responded with a vise-like grip. My mind was still filled with anguish, doubt as to whether the tiger was really dead, fear that he would bound upon me again. But I could only hear the monotonous trickling of the rain and the footsteps of my companions as they groped their way cautiously toward me.

"Robert, are you safe?" shouted the captain.

"Yes, all right," I responded.

After several vain attempts I succeeded in striking a match under cover of my overcoat. The scene disclosed by the faint flicker was striking in the extreme. The tiger, lying in the blood-dyed mud, was a magnificent creature. Even in death it preserved a menacing attitude. Its lips were drawn back as in an angry snarl, baring the cruel fangs, and a paw raised showed the strong, sharp claws. How was it possible that I was among the living? I could scarcely realize that I had been snatched by a miracle from the jaws of dead.

"He very dead!" repeated the Asiatic.

We rejoined the captain and felt our way back to the knoll.

"Are you hurt?" asked a voice in sweet, tremulous tones that made my heart beat violently.

"No, mademoiselle," I answered her; "or at any rate not seriously. The brute must have gripped me by the leather and india rubber of my clothing. But what about the others?"

"I believe I have got a nasty scratch on the chest—the tiger left me at once," replied Alcuin.

Another and more plaintive voice exclaimed:

"And I am wounded on the hip, but the shock was even worse than the bite."



We forgot all about our fatigue and the rain. Our escape from the deadly peril, in which we had been placed, filled us with an excitement that was almost joyous. Finally a faint grey-ness appeared in the East and lightened reluctantly until we were able to see each other. The cheerless day dawned upon a scene of desolation—the abomination of desolation—a scene of flooded marshes all around us; and our excitement was succeeded by gloomy foreboding, though, as far as I was concerned, I had only eyes and thoughts for Sabine, and would have put up with anything so that I could be near her. Our wounds were not serious enough to render a continuance of the halt imperative, and we pushed on.

Another day was spent in the horrible solitude and the rain that soaked all the energy out of us. The men began to grumble seriously. They kept at a distance and held whispered conferences among themselves. Whenever I happened to approach them they regarded me distrustfully. It was easy to see that they were plotting, and though I personally was prepared to follow the captain to the end of the world, I could understand their dissatisfaction and felt sorry for them.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Devreuse decided to call a halt. Apart from our excessive fatigue and the attention due to the wounded men, the halt was occasioned by the discovery of a shelter.

In the middle of the plain was a queer hillock of rock about ninety feet high. We entered a hollow that seemed to have been widened by human hands and came near the top to a plateau and a spacious grotto, fairly well lighted, and with a sloping and perfectly dry floor.

After being two days in the rain there seemed to be something providential in the discovery of this shelter, and the men manifested the intention of passing the night there. The chief could not refuse a demand so reason-

able. Our horses easily made the ascent, and we found ourselves lodged with un hoped-for comfort. I say un hoped-for, because, branching from the grotto were a number of passages, and in a depression of the plateau a small lake that the rain kept filled with running water; so that we were able not only to perform much needed toilet operations, but to rinse a part of our clothing and hang it in the passages to dry, after which we ate the provisions remaining from our last hunt—a few cooked slices of moose. How glad we should have been to wash the food down with a cup of hot tea, I need hardly say; but alas! there was no means of making a fire.

"It would be advisable to cut a few branches," observed one of the men.

"They wouldn't have time to dry," said the captain morosely.

"Indeed!"

The tone of the man's remark struck me. I was standing at the entrance to the grotto with Sabine. We were gazing out upon the landscape through the melancholy curtain of the rain. But it was a blissful moment to me. Sabine, in her gray mantle, her hair caught up negligently, a glow of color in her cheeks, was the embodiment of youth, life and grace. She inspired me with an exquisite fear, a mystic palpitation. Her sweet smile banished all my homesickness and anxieties.

As I said, the tone of the man's remark (it was Alcuin who had spoken) struck me, and I turned round. Devreuse had also noticed it, and demanded with severity:

"What is that you say?"

Alcuin, troubled at first, answered, after some hesitation, with respectful firmness:

"You see, captain, it's like this: We are very tired. A rest of a few days is necessary—and Lefort's wound wants a lot of nursing."

His comrades nodded approval, which fact ought to have made the chief reflect; but, as usual, his unreasonable obstinacy asserted itself.

"We go on to-morrow morning," he announced curtly.

"We can't do it," remonstrated Alcuin, and he ventured to add: "We wish for five days' rest. The shelter is good, and we should be able to pull ourselves together in that time."

The chief's hard face betrayed a suspicion of indecision, but the man, decidedly, was inaccessible to kindly sentiments, too carried away by his belief in his absolutism and prescience. He had now decided that there was a passage to the southwest, and would not lose a day in attaining it.

"We go on to-morrow morning," he repeated.

"But suppose we cannot?" insisted Alcuin mildly.

Devreuse frowned

"Do you refuse to obey my orders?"

"No, captain, we don't refuse, but we really cannot go any further. The expedition was only to last three months."

Devreuse, agitated, evidently recognized that there was some justice in his subordinate's demands, or he would not have hesitated before replying. I still hoped that he would have the good sense to accord the respite, but no, he could not make up his mind to give way.

"Very well," he said, "I will go alone."

Then, turning to me, he added:

"You will wait here ten days for me."

"No," I retorted; "if the others intend to abandon you, it is not for me to judge their conduct. As for me, I swear that I will not leave you till we reach civilization again."

The men remained impassible. Devreuse's lips quivered with unaccustomed emotion.

"Thank you, Robert," he said warmly, and addressing the others disdainfully:

"Taking into consideration the length and hardship of the journey, I will not denounce your conduct. But I order you to wait here for us for

fifteen days. This time, unless compelled by uncontrollable circumstances, disobedience of my order will be treason."

"Until the evening of the fifteenth day at the very least," said Alcuin humbly, "and we regret——"

Devreuse interrupted him with a haughty gesture, and a long and gloomy silence fell upon the company.

## II.

### THE OLD STORY.

I rose at daybreak. The others were still sleeping soundly. I was nervous and racked with uneasiness on account of delicate little Sabine, whose father was about to expose her to new dangers. I regretted my resolution of the previous night. Had I sided with the men the captain might not have been so obstinate. I was worried by this idea, although I argued that, unbending, as he was, such action on my part would have made no difference. He would have gone all the same, taking Sabine with him, and separation from the latter would have been more bitter to me than death.

Thus I mused at the entrance of the grotto. Another dismal day had begun in the relentless rain. The whole country was under water. Water triumphed over earth and sky.

Suddenly I heard a slight noise, light footsteps behind me. I turned. It was Sabine. Enveloped in her little mantle she advanced with a charming air of mystery, and all my sadness vanished. Motionless, hypnotized, I could scarcely articulate a word of polite greeting.

"I want to speak to you," she murmured. "I was greatly touched by your devotedness yesterday. My father, who will be eternally grateful to you, does not know how to thank any one. Shall I thank you for him?"

Her sweet voice sent the blood coursing madly through my veins. Oh! how I loved her! It was as much as I could do to restrain myself from taking her in my arms and blurting out the secret

that my lips feared to tell. I would cheerfully, nay, eagerly, have laid down my life for her, gone anywhere, done anything, confronted any danger to merit a smile of approval from her.

"If in speaking as I did I but pleased you, the reward is too great," I stammered.

"Too great?"

She gazed at me with her wondrous blue eyes, then lowered them and blushed. I was shaking like a leaf, almost irresistibly compelled to declare my love, dreading lest I should lose the consolation of accompanying her and being near her if I did.

"Yes, too great. Your thanks would more than repay any peril incurred, any devotedness."

She kept her eyes lowered, and I felt that the supreme moment had arrived, that I was face to face with my destiny, that she represented Life or Nirvana to me.

"My devotion frightened you?" I faltered.

"I should be timid, indeed, were that the case," she said with a tinge of irony, but an irony so sweet, so kind!

My doubt continued—the fear of losing all by a throw of the dice: a "yes," a "no."

"Will you not let me follow you always?" I ventured, hardly conscious of what I was saying.

"Always?"

"Yes, all my life!"

She became serious. I was desperate. There was no receding now. The die was cast. I continued:

"May I not ask your father whether he will take me with him as his son?"

An air of doubt passed over her visage; then with charming bravery she said:

"Yes, ask him!"

"Sabine," I cried, choking with emotion, "can I dare to believe that you love me?"

"What, then, would you believe?"

This was said with a tinge of her former irony, delicious, tender irony.

Oh! that beautiful rainy morning,

that paradise of swamps. Gently I had caught her hand, gently I had raised it to my lips.

I was king of the world.

### III.

#### SNATCHED FROM DEATH BY A STRANGE BEING.

Two days had elapsed since we—the captain, Sabine and I—had quitted the men in the grotto. The country grew more dismal as we advanced, though it was not devoid of a certain sombre and grandiose beauty. Whether there was an issue or not it was certain that the journey was hourly becoming more painful. Luckily we had only brought Sabine's little horse with us; our own mounts would have been an encumbrance rather than a help.

The rain had ceased, and we were trudging along a ridge of land that was surrounded in every direction by pools.

"Night is coming on. Another effort," urged the captain.

And night was coming on. We made for what appeared to be a knoll. I do not know what came over Sabine's horse, but it suddenly took it into its head to bolt, and away it dashed, passing to the left of the knoll like a streak of lightning. We heard Sabine scream, and running forward found that the animal had plunged into a bog. Without taking time to reflect I rushed to the rescue, and in an instant was floundering beside the girl in the treacherous soil.

"Our movements only make us sink deeper," remarked Sabine.

There could be no doubt about it. Caught in a net of plants we could neither advance nor recede. We were in one of those traps in which inert Nature seems to suck under with slow but sure ferocity the living beings that fall into them.

The captain, however, had not lost his presence of mind. He approached by a round-about way along a narrow tongue of land that jutted obliquely in our direction. He had uncoiled a few yards of rope, and was gathering it up

to throw us the end of it. Our only hope was in him, and we followed his movements with anguish. Suddenly he slipped, stumbled, tried to recover himself and draw back. The soil of the promontory, composed, doubtless, at the extremity where he was standing, of a decayed vegetable crust gave way. Devreuse flung out his hands trying to clutch at something to save himself, but in vain, and he found himself in the same position as we were!

Moreover, night had set in, and everything appeared vague and indistinct. In the penumbra of the vast solitude we could hear the sighing and wailing of the brute creation. Wills-o'-the-wisp flickered around us. We were prisoners of the slough. At the slightest motion we sank a little deeper. Every minute marked a stage toward the inevitable doom that awaited us, of being swallowed up by the earth. The moon, fuliginous and languid, made its appearance between misty banks of clouds, and hung like a great ball on a distant curtain of poplars. The horse was buried to the haunches, and Sabine gazed at me despairingly.

"Robert, we are lost!" she exclaimed.

Once more I made a desperate effort to extricate myself, but it only hastened the fatal hour.

"Well," cried the captain, "unless help arrives—and I don't see where it is to come from—it is all up with us, my poor children."

There was an inflection of tenderness in his stern voice that went to my heart. Sabine's eyes dilated with horror. They wandered alternately from her father to me, and all three of us felt our strength deserting us, realizing that the end was not far off.

"God help us," sighed Sabine.

The moon, rending her misty veil, shone brightly over all. In the south a few stars twinkled solitarily, like a little archipelago on the bosom of the ocean. The wind swept slowly over the marshes with a heavy, poisonous sweetness.

The mud was up to my shoulders. In half an hour I should have disappeared. Sabine stretched forth her hand to try and keep me up.

"Let us die together, Robert," she murmured.

\* \* \* \* \*

A confused melody was wafted over the marshes. It was a weird, strange music, that belonged to no epoch, no country that I knew of, with intervals inappreciable to the ear, yet perceptible. We looked in the direction whence it came and in the refulgent light of the moon perceived the silhouette of a man standing on a strip of earth, a sort of elongated islet. In his hands he held an object the shape of which I could not discern.

All at once we saw an extraordinary sight. Giant salamanders clambered on to the islet and gathered about the man. They were followed by toads and water snakes. Bats fluttered over his head; grebes hopped around him; rats and other creatures crept up; water fowl and owls mingled with the audience. The man continued his bizarre music, and it diffused a great gentleness over the scene, a sentiment of pantheistic fraternity that communicated itself even to us, notwithstanding the horror of our position.

We lifted up our voices in a cry of distress.

The music ceased and the man turned toward us. When he noted the predicament we were in he leaped from the islet and disappeared among the weeds. Mingled anguish and hope kept us as motionless as statues. In a few minutes that seemed an eternity of time to us the man reappeared close by and came toward us. We were unable to follow his movements, but presently Sabine and I felt ourselves seized and dragged along. A few seconds later we were floundering through a less perfidious mire and soon were standing on solid earth once more. Devreuse, rescued in the same manner, rejoined us, and the stranger contemplated us with deep, but kindly interest.

He was almost nude, his sole garment consisting of a loin cloth of fibre. The hair of his head was thin and resembled barbed lichen, but he had no hair on the face or body, and his skin, which bore no trace of the mud into which he had waded was shiny, in fact appeared to be oily.

Devreuse thanked him in various dialects, but he only shook his head. Obviously he did not understand. Overjoyed at our unexpected deliverance we grasped his hands warmly to express our gratitude. He smiled and said something, but his voice was not that of a human being: it was a moist, guttural croaking.

He noticed, however, that we were shivering with cold and signed to us to follow him. We passed along a natural road which, though narrow, was firm and hard. It widened and slanted upward until we came to a kind of platform in the middle of a lagoon. Here the man signed to us to stop and once more disappeared in the water.

"Has he abandoned us?" asked Sabine anxiously.

"What if he has, we have been saved."

"And how miraculously!"

The moon was now high and almost white in its effulgence. As far as eye could reach spread the marshes, the Land of Dreary Waters. I was dreaming of all manner of things in a sort of hallucination, when I saw the man returning with Sabine's horse.

"My poor Geo!" exclaimed the girl as she caressed the animal that had so nearly been the cause of our undoing.

The man, in addition, brought some dry weeds, wood and eggs. He tendered the eggs together with a few handfuls of nuts, after which he piled up the wood and weeds and started a fire. This done, he smiled upon us and again plunged off the platform. We ran to the spot where he had dived. The water was deep here, but he did not reappear. We looked at each other, stupefied.

"What is the meaning of this?" I cried.

"I cannot say," replied Devreuse with a thoughtful air. "It is without question the most inexplicable, incredible thing I have met with in all my fifteen years of travel. But what is to happen, will happen. Let us have supper."

We ate heartily, dried our clothing by the fire, and the weather being balmy soon dropped off to sleep. In the middle of the night I awoke. The queer music of our rescuer resounded a long distance away across the marshes, but the musician was invisible. Then the conviction came to me that I had entered upon a new life, a reality more fairy-like than the most extravagant fairy tale.

We all awoke at sunrise greatly recuperated by our slumbers.

"Captain," I cried, and pointed to our outer clothing, of which, being heavy with mud, we had divested ourselves, and which was now clean and dry.

"It is the work of our Man of the Waters," said Sabine. "I begin to think he must be some benevolent faun."

We had a good breakfast of the nuts and eggs remaining from the previous night. The sun came out, and its sheen was reflected in the sombre, endless dreamland of marshes. We began to consider our position, and concluded that the outlook was anything but an encouraging one. We could not for the life of us see how we were going to get out of the marshes.

Suddenly Sabine uttered a little scream.

"Look!"

Something was floating rapidly toward us and we made it out to be a raft. It seemed to be moving through the green waters of its own accord, and this fact rather startled us. But presently a head emerged from the water, then a body, and we recognized our good genius. To our gestures of greeting the Man of the Waters re-



sponded with unequivocal demonstrations of cordiality.

His appearance astonished us even more than it had done in the moonlight. By the light of day we saw that his skin was a light green color; his lips were violet; his eyes strangely round and flat, with scarcely any white, the iris being the color of a carbuncle and the pupil indented and very large. Added to this there was a peculiar gracefulness and litheness in his movements. I examined him at length and attentively, especially his eyes, the like of which I had never seen in any human being.

After tying Geo on the raft he signed to us to board it, too. We complied, though not without a certain distrust, which was accentuated when he disappeared under the water again, and the raft began to move off in the singular manner in which it had come to us.

We caught sight of our conductor now and then in the thick, slimy water, encumbered with vegetation, and although we had been floating along for twenty minutes he had not risen to the surface. Our camping ground of the previous night was left far behind. The scenery began to change. The water was clearer, and we skirted several delightful little islands.

The head of the Man of the Waters, as we had decided to call him, presently bobbed up. He pointed to the southward, and went under again. The breeze brought a cooler, purer air with it. Soon the stretch of marshes became narrower; we passed through a shallow channel and found ourselves scudding over a magnificent lake of cold, limpid water in an atmosphere that was positively heavenly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SLEEPLESS.

By WARD MUIR.

(From the Spectator.)

The unseen barriers that hold me tight—  
 (No door, no window is there to the cells  
 Within the awful prison-house of Night!)—  
 Are penetrated only by the bells,  
 Which from the city's thousand wakeful towers  
 Count and recount their tale of lagging hours . . .  
 My mind is like the bells. It finds a way  
 Through the dark wall which Night builds round my bed;  
 It roams once more the realm of Yesterday,  
 Or to those grim To-morrows that I dread  
 It wings afar its furtive, weary flight. . . .  
 Sleep! Sleep, have pity; hear me when I pray!  
 Sleep, oh come swiftly! With thy gentle might  
 Release the captive of relentless Night!

## When the Snow Is On the Sill.

By ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS.

A simple meal though this may be  
 Of bread and butter, luscious honey,  
 And dainty cup of fragrant tea,  
 I feast besides on that which money  
 Can never buy; for though the chill  
 And stormy wind the snow is piling  
 In deep'ning drifts upon the sill,  
 Yet, winter's dreariness beguiling,

;

Come pictured scenes of sun and shine;  
 I hear again the bee's loud droning,  
 The rustling corn, the lowing kine,  
 The quail's monotonous intoning;  
 I see the furrow brown and bare,  
 The budding green, the slim stalk bending,  
 Quaint shadows dancing everywhere  
 In rhythmic fantasies unending;

Behold the grain in bounteous sheaves  
 Upon the field of stubby yellow;  
 The splendor of the crims'ning leaves,  
 And o'er the resting earth the mellow  
 And dreamy light of purple haze;  
 Now from the rip'ning fruits distilling  
 Come spicy odors—autumn days  
 The promises of spring fulfilling.

So, on my board, the loaf of wheat,  
 And the aroma of the clover  
 In golden butter stored, and sweet  
 White honey culled by light-winged rover  
 'Neath summer skies from myriad flowers,  
 Are now to mind these scenes recalling,  
 While chill winds blow, and storm-cloud lowers,  
 And snow on roof and sill is piling.

## New York's New Governor.

Charles E. Hughes and His Opportunity.

By AUGUSTUS C. RAGSDALE.

**W**ITH his inauguration as Governor of New York on January 1st, Charles Evans Hughes, utterly unknown to the public a few months ago, again comes before the public eye. Politicians of the "honest" and dishonest graft type, who have pursued their sinister calling in Albany for so many years with little molestation; representatives of what Mr. Hearst termed "predatory corporations;" public officials whose administrations would be blackened by the light of day, await with anxiety the coming of this quiet, forceful, determined man. The great mass of the people of the State, particularly the thousands of Democrats who cast their votes last November for a Republican nominee, will watch the preliminary moves of the new Executive with intensified expectancy.

The keen eyes of Mr. Hughes's august patron, President Roosevelt, who told the wavering leaders and delegates at Saratoga that Mr. Hughes must lead the Republican forces against Hearst and Hearstism, are fixed on Albany, and for two years will search every act of the Governor. Tentative and actual candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1908 will look jealously upon Charles E. Hughes's success and will inwardly rejoice if he fail. The nation itself, busy as it is with its own affairs, will direct at least an occasional glance upon New York's Governor while a very possible Presi-

dent of these United States is undergoing a crucial test.

Rarely has a man had such an opportunity as Charles E. Hughes. True it is that a capable administration as Governor of New York does not mean necessarily elevation to the Presidency. Mr. Hughes's opportunity does not lie alone in the fact that the country usually turns instinctively toward this State for one or more of its candidates. His greater strength as a Presidential possibility is that he is representative of the new order in politics; a product of the popular wrath against political bossism. It is ridiculously early and futile to discuss Mr. Hughes seriously or at length as a possible Presidential candidate, before he has made his record as Governor of New York, but it is not amiss to say that if he continues his dissociation from political chicanery and meets in other ways the expectations of those who elected him he will be a formidable factor in the contest, if it be a contest, for the Republican nomination eighteen months hence.

Leaving Mr. Roosevelt out of consideration, and accepting the well-grounded opinion that the present popular temper will not be changed in a few short months, the people will have none of an Elihu Root, brilliant and capable as he is, but reeking with past corporation affiliations; none of an "Uncle Joe" Cannon, vainly trying to conceal with the cunning of a fox, his predilection for the trusts. This is an

era of reform in politics, and no mere politician nor corporation advocate nor blatant reformer need cast envious eyes upon the Presidency. Mr. Hughes is none of these, and therefore will be among those to whom the country will turn in 1908—provided, in the parlance of the day, he “makes good” as Governor of New York.

This man who is taking the Governor's chair is, indeed, an anomaly in the way of a Chief Executive of this State in that he has had no political experience. Some great men have held this high office—Tilden, Cleveland, Roosevelt, but all had been politicians before their election. Until the legislative investigation of the lighting situation in New York City in the spring of 1905, Charles E. Hughes was not known outside of the legal fraternity and his immediate circle of friends. Close application to his profession gave him little time for club life or social relaxation, yet while he is not what is colloquially known as a “good fellow,” he is by no means an ascetic. When the New York Assemblymen were looking for a lawyer to conduct the investigation of the so-called Gas Trust they called on a number of attorneys, but each, for some reason, declined to accept the appointment.

“Charles E. Hughes is the man you want,” said two or three of them. They went to see him. He thought that it was to be an investigation of the political whitewashing kind and he declined. Then the committee sent this message:

“We are after the truth. We mean to find it. No one can call us off.”

“That's different,” was the reply. “I will serve on those terms.”

His skillful handling of the probe astonished the committee and the opposing counsel. Figures did not seem to trouble Mr. Hughes any more than they would a practical accountant. He appeared to be as familiar with the intricacies of gas engineering as an expert in that profession. His reputa-

tion as a lawyer was enhanced, but the public took little interest in the inquiry, dealing largely, as it did, with dry statistics and technical subjects.

Charles E. Hughes might never have been heard of again, had it not been for his second great opportunity in the insurance investigation a few weeks later.

As a large part of the civilized world knows, it was Mr. Hughes's brilliant work in that inquiry that focused national interest and admiration upon him. It was here that he achieved the national, nay, international, distinction that made him an inevitable political possibility and established his reputation for courage, clear-sightedness and marked ability. The public was eager to know more of the personal side of this man who had suddenly risen to such heights of fame, and the newspapers, as is their wont, supplied the information to the minutest detail. Much foolish and ill-informed biographical matter, concerning him, appeared in the daily prints and in the “Sunday supplements,” but in the maze of flattery and insignificant detail about his home life, it was made clear that Mr. Hughes's character was as solid as his intellect; that his record was clean; that his moral convictions were deep and sincere; that his ideals were high; that he was neither a prig, a pedant nor a Puritan.

Mr. Hughes was recognized as a political potentiality even before his work as counsel for the Insurance Investigation Committee was completed. All unsought he was nominated by the Republicans for Mayor of New York in the summer of 1905. Three days later, knowing that his insurance work was still incomplete, he declined the nomination, which was then given to William M. Ivins. His election in this heavily Democratic city would have been practically impossible, and there are good grounds for the suspicion that the purpose of the nomination of Mr. Hughes was either to preclude further revelations in the insurance inquiry

that might bring down other high political leaders in the great wreck of reputations that it had caused, or to discredit Mr. Hughes politically by his leadership of an inevitably losing battle. The last-named theory is easily credible.

Barring President Roosevelt, whose power in New York politics is virtually invincible, and his young protege, Congressman Herbert Parsons, the Republican leaders of the State looked with alarm upon the rise of Mr. Hughes. He was not of their kind. His evident honesty and tenacity of purpose were recognized and feared. Utterly untutored in politics, his course in office, perhaps, could not be guided by the unseen hands that so often have directed public policies in this State along the line of "practical politics." In other words, these politicians believed, and with justification, let us hope, that Mr. Hughes could not be controlled, that he would even throw party expediency to the winds. Such fears existed before the nominating convention at Saratoga and they exist now. Determined as they were to retain control of the machine the politicians were ready and willing to risk defeat by nominating Gov. Higgins, the weak and vacillating, or Lieut.-Gov. Bruce, the impossible, or that able but crafty spoilsman, former Governor Black.

President Roosevelt read aright the temper of the people. He recognized the danger of Hearstism and commanded the nomination of Mr. Hughes. The election proved how accurate was the judgment of the President. Mr. Hearst's personality caused his defeat; Mr. Hughes's personality won him the victory. The election of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler as Lieutenant-Governor and all other Democrats on the State ticket of the Democratic party, except Mr. Hearst, shows conclusively that any reasonably strong Democrat, with Mr. Hearst's support, could have been elected, and that a machine Republican to whom independent Democrats would

not rally, as they did to Mr. Hughes, would have been defeated. Democratic votes elected Mr. Hughes, and he is, therefore, under a moral obligation to give an administration that is at least measurably nonpartisan. That will be one of the standards by which Mr. Hughes will be judged.

With all his independence and strength of character, the promise of his achievements and Mr. Hughes's own promises on the platform it is by no means certain he will emerge from this ordeal unscathed. His opportunity is great, but so is his task. New York has never known a situation like this. It has never enjoyed the luxury of a nonpolitical Governor, of having in its Chief Executive chair a man who had not sought public acclaim, who had been literally drafted for this high office.

One must hark back to the days when Grover Cleveland suddenly sprung from the obscurity of a law office in Buffalo to the highest place in the State's gift for a comparison, but that is not excessively apt, as Mr. Cleveland had known public life as Sheriff of Erie County and Mayor of Buffalo before his election as Governor. The greater similarity is that Mr. Cleveland, like Mr. Hughes, was called to save the State from ignominy. Cleveland rose to his opportunity, but is Charles E. Hughes another "man of destiny"? There is no good reason why he should not prove such, but the difficulties he will face will require even greater courage and moral stamina than he was called upon to display in the insurance investigation.

Many times there will be an issue between the public interest and his party organization, and Mr. Hughes must take his stand. Present standards by which an executive is judged are different from those of old days, when a man whose allegiance was equally divided between the people and his party could be called "a good Governor." From Mr. Hughes, especially, more is expected. He is in office



under protest, as it were—a protest against Hearst. No impartial observer doubts that during the long years the Republicans have had control of the State House public trusts have been abused. It is not merely a suspicion that there is much rottenness in Albany.

The people really wanted a change of administration and a housecleaning at the State Capitol. This desire was expressed emphatically, when the representatives of the machine on the Republican ticket were defeated and a Democratic Lieutenant-Governor, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, Controller, Secretary of State and State Engineer were elected. The people expect Mr. Hughes to do what a Democratic Governor would have done, in the renovation of the State House, thus putting upon him the most extraordinary task that any Governor of New York has ever essayed.

The question now is, will Mr. Hughes accomplish it? An immense majority of the people believe he will, and wish him well. His harsher critics, however, recall the campaign charge, that, bowing to the will of high powers in his party, he ignored the insistent demand that the really "big men" concerned in the misappropriation of insurance funds to further the election of Republican candidates, be placed upon the witness stand. It is the writer's opinion that if Mr. Hughes weakened there his splendid work throughout the inquiry was an entire recompense for this dereliction.

But the ever existing cynical view of men and matters must be taken into account. It was expressed acridly by Mr. Hearst and some of his supporters before the election. Those who entertain it make much of Mr. Hughes's failure to quiz the great Cornelius N. Bliss and George B. Cortelyou about money of "widows and orphans" that they received. These cynics point to Mr. Hughes's hobnobbing with Timothy L. Woodruff, practical politician, perennial candidate and late opponent of

Mr. Hughes's own insurance reforms, at Mr. Woodruff's Adirondack camp after the election. If Mr. Woodruff, they say, is to be one of Mr. Hughes's advisors, he is much in need of Providential aid.

Politicians who are contemptuous of nonpartisans and who believe that success in public administration can be attained only by following the beaten path of party regularity and loyalty are skeptical of Mr. Hughes's ability to beat the organization in the likely contingency of a clash. Many of them would like to see him fail, and they will fight for what they consider their own. Public service corporations and special interests that have been richly favored under Republican rule in New York, also do not want Mr. Hughes to succeed, if his success is to be had at their expense. They supported Mr. Hughes against Mr. Hearst, because they deemed the Republican candidate the lesser of two evils. Their alert agents are already encamped in Albany ready to do battle for their masters. Unfortunately, some of the members of the Legislature are in their tents.

Mr. Hearst deplored that the issue between him and Mr. Hughes was whether "Ryan and Belmont" or the people should be in control in Albany. That was an exaggeration, but the power these traction kings have exerted at the State capital for many years is unquestionably immense. It will require extraordinary courage for Mr. Hughes to combat this single influence.

The world now knows well how viciously antagonistic to the public welfare the insurance lobby was. If it had forgotten some of the disclosed evils of those days when "The House of Mirth" flourished, its memory was refreshed in the early part of this month of December by the trial on a charge of larceny of George Burnham, counsel of the National Reserve Life Insurance Association. In that trial Assistant District Attorney Nott showed that Senator Thomas C. Platt

and "Lou" Payn, former Superintendent of Insurance, accepted a check for \$10,000 for their services in influencing legislation in favor of the Exempt Fireman's Association.

There is no doubt that there has been an improvement in the condition of affairs at the State House since the insurance revelations; many excellent laws, which, if enforced, would make corruption more difficult, have been passed; certain professional lobbyists and exposed grafters have gone into temporary retirement, but what candid man doubts that further reforms are necessary, that further investigations would involve disastrously other men high in politics, and perhaps, men high in finance!

There is, for instance, the State Banking Department, and here Mr. Hughes may find one of his greatest trials. Before the lust for heads engendered by the insurance inquiry had spent itself there were hints of an almost equally scandalous condition of affairs in the Banking Department. That section of the New York press that goaded Gov. Higgins into acquiescence to an insurance investigation demanded that the Banking Department also be probed. It was asserted that the grossest violations of the banking laws by financial institutions and by public officials would be revealed. Gov. Higgins withstood the pressure, refused to order an investigation and ignored the demand that Superintendent of Banks Kilburn be dismissed. This, coupled with the Governor's refusal to force the resignation of Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks, was one of the chief reasons why Mr. Higgins was not renominated at Saratoga.

In justice to Gov. Higgins, it should be said that in this banking inquiry matter he consented to be something of a martyr. A bit of inside history is

that a delegation of prominent bankers secretly called upon the Governor and told him that if the banks were investigated a financial panic, involving not only New York but the country, would result. Admissions were made that many institutions, whose officers had been carried away by the prevailing get-rich-quick craze, had departed from sound banking principles in flagrant violation of the law. It was declared that the whole financial structure would topple, if this situation was revealed. Promises that reforms would be made quietly were given the Governor. Mr. Higgins acquiesced to the views of the bankers and silently bore the brunt of the criticism of his course.

Another, and probably the greatest problem that will confront the new Governor is that of molding the Legislature to his will. Without the co-operation of that body he can accomplish few, if any, of the reforms that would make him a great political factor in the future. The leaders in both branches are, as a rule, seasoned politicians of the old school. They are not, as yet, openly hostile to Mr. Hughes, but they will be so, if he departs radically from the party traditions and attempts to give the kind of administration the people expect of him.

Mr. Hughes's hope of success with the Legislature lies largely in President Roosevelt. With his federal patronage and strong personal influence the President can command the New York Legislature as he dictated its course at the last session, when State Chairman Odell's power was broken and young James Wadsworth, Jr., was elected Speaker. Thus, in the next two years Mr. Roosevelt may, perhaps, be fashioning his own successor at Washington in the person of Charles E. Hughes.

## An Ancient Inverary in the Rain.

By WILFRED CAMPBELL.

(From 'Chambers's Journal.')

Down all the years of dreaming,  
Till life's last night is gleaming,  
And time draws out its ebb of aching pain,  
Will heart and brain remember  
A bit of God's September  
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

Oh stately house and sombre,  
Wherein old memories slumber,  
And centuries of greatness come again;  
By loch and mountain looming,  
Where storied woods are glooming,  
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

Oh stately home, and splendid,  
Of a mighty race descended  
From a race of olden heroes without stain;  
Your halls are sad and lonely,  
Where silence whispers only,  
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

The sombre mists are falling,  
And the water lanns are calling  
To the heart of desolation full and fain,  
From the days of gone, dead splendor,  
With memories sad and tender,  
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

At dawn or lonely even  
You stand of joys long riven,  
Of olden greatness dead and gone the fane;  
While the nights and days come slowly  
To places weird and holy,  
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

Far over Fyne agleaming  
The mountain slopes are dreaming,  
In autumn moods of bracken brown astain,  
Of the proud and ancient glory,  
Of the splendid Scottish story  
Of ancient Inverary in the rain.

And Duné Quaich is standing  
Gray shore and loch commanding;  
While winds are sobbing down the glen in pain  
For the olden glories vanished,  
And the mighty dead long banished,  
Oh ancient Inverary in the rain!

Oh heart of dream that sunneth  
In deeps of fair Ishconneth,  
Remembered last in mighty Argyll's pain.  
Still haunts that tragic story  
Of Scotland's martyr-glory,  
Oh ancient Inverary in the rain!

Oh loch of haunted splendor,  
Of memories great and tender,  
Of deeds that live till earth's great splendors wane!  
Oh stately woods, where Ary  
Steals from his glens of faerie,  
At ancient Inverary in the rain!

Oh lonely hills of bracken,  
Where beauty is forsaken  
Of all her joy, and love is dimmed in pain!  
Around the world's great gleaming,  
You draw my soul in dreaming  
To ancient Inverary in the rain!

And in its hour of dying  
Will the Campbell heart go crying  
For one far sight of loch and glen again?  
Or will the soul find heaven  
Like one fair glen at even  
At ancient Inverary in the rain?

## The Editor's Miscellany.

**I**T is a common cause of remark among thoughtful men that there is often a wide difference between public ideals and private. Some years ago in one of the larger American cities the popular spirit of protest against the prevailing conditions of government took the form of a demand that the municipal administration be conducted in the manner characteristic of the methods of large business corporations. Four years later a revelation of the methods of some of these corporations astounded the man in the street, although it scarcely surprised many of the leaders in the movement to obtain a city government on business principles. The popular spirit of protest quickly appeared under the form of a demand that the corporations be subjected to a rigid political supervision, amounting practically to tutelage. Public ideals frequently seem to shift without much regard to a basic analysis of human nature. If the public are dissatisfied, a reactionary reversal is often calculated to appease the just resentment. Men in their mutual relations as individuals show far greater power of rational analysis. Perhaps, it takes the collective judgment of an electorate to appraise its virtues and ills. In that case the course of an individual voter may not be intelligent when analyzed as an instance of individual judgment and yet may be essentially true when judged by the standards of such intuitional action as is most likely to produce that saving sanity of collective opinion which up-

holds confidence in democratic institutions.

\* \* \*

It is difficult sometimes to hold fast to the recognition that cleverness, even when brilliant, may often be but sham greatness. To be ponderous in thinking and sedate in action may be a most effective method of conserving the status quo. Hence, neither brilliancy nor its absence argues far in behalf of any course of action or condition of mind that can aid in the attainment of great ends in a great manner. And the calibre of the manner of attaining results may be fully as important as the character of the results. The reason for this lies mainly in the fact that the ultimate value of great deeds and thoughts consists essentially in their effect upon the doer, the performer and the thinker. The general contour of a life depends less upon isolated elevations and depressions than would, perhaps, be obvious at first thought. Emerson employed a powerful illustration of this truth. In his essay on "Circles" he commented upon the spherical shape of the earth as shown in outline upon the moon during a partial eclipse. No trace of the soaring Himalayas or the relative depressions of the valleys and the seven seas mars the spherical outline of the globe upon its moon. The icy altitudes, which are relatively so high as to keep always their hold upon the human imagination, tend to lose their emphasis, when an effort is made to apprehend the magnitude of even our solar system.



Intellectual pride is strong when founded in humility. When the nebular hypothesis of the universe began to control man's interpretation of the nature of the worlds, the first impulse was to feel abashed. It is estimated that more than 600,000 stars have been catalogued, that a thirty-six-inch telescope brings out probably about 100,000,000 stars, and that the light of the nearest of the stars to our solar system travels nearly three years before it reaches the earth. The sense of humility in the presence of a vague notion of the immensity of the known universe yields, however, to a great pride that the intellect of a human being on one of the minor planets of a solar system could discover how to compute the parallax of a star millions of miles away. Which all tends to indicate somewhat the relative worth of material realities and intellectual power.

\* \* \*

It is well not to forget that the qualities of essential worth may exist on a small scale as well. The so-called commonplace, dealing as it does with the real truths of living, has a meaning fully as impressive. To be Leibnitzian, the microcosm reflects the macrocosm.

\* \* \*

He who would explain fads must find his reason in human nature. Many persons of good environment and at least a passable contact with learning, especially the learning to be found in books, often devote their attention to and hold opinions upon academic doubt as to the wisdom of prevalent social institutions. Probably the most useless of such philosophical speculations is the ever recurrent discussion of the marriage institution. If such speculations ever arrived anywhere, they might have a more worthy title to the hearing they often obtain. In striking contrast with a widely discussed essay of a recent month, Mrs. Helen Bosan-

quet has this to say in her new book, entitled "The Family":

"Without for the present expressing an opinion as to how far this *famille-souche* (a phrase of Le Play's, elsewhere translated 'stable family,' of which the main characteristics are that it is attached to its home, but combines fidelity to tradition with a considerable capacity for change) is indispensable to social welfare, it is interesting to note in passing how many of our 'social problems' of to-day are obviated by it, in so far as Le Play's estimate is a correct one. Old age pensions are unnecessary where the stable family combines young and old in one strong bond of mutual helpfulness. A proletariat residuum is impossible where all the young people who go out into the world are trained to habits of labor and obedience, as well as being strong and capable: the natural asylum of the home for the mentally and physically feeble is a far surer protection against the marriage and propagation of the unfit than any recognized system of public control; while the firmly rooted belief that family life involves a home and property, however humble, prohibits the thriftless marriages which lead to pauperism."

\* \* \*

A pretty story of child life in Japan during the war with Russia is told in a delightful vein by Onoto Watanna in "A Japanese Blossom" (Harper and Brothers). The complication in the story is furnished by the second marriage of Kurukawa, who brought into his village home in Nippon a new wife from the daughters of America. The American stepbrother and stepsister in their efforts to become Japanese in manner, speech and dress serve entertainingly to emphasize the natural gulf between the Oriental and the Occidental, while the rebellion of the eldest son Taro and his enlistment for Manchurian service adds a dramatic note to what is otherwise a Japanese idyl.

## In the Market Place.

**I**T is necessary to revert once more to the money situation as the leading feature of all the markets of the world, financial, commercial and otherwise. For months now the extraordinary demand for money has overshadowed every other event in the history of nations. Episodes, humorous and "near" serious, have come and passed, but the almost unheard-of scarcity of money has rather grown than faded as a phenomenon for universal discussion in the banking parlors, the Stock Exchange lobbies, and even in the halls of national legislatures not only in America, but in Europe and in the less civilized continents. Since the end of the year 1905 there has been barely a let-up in the gradual tightening of the money rates in all financial centers. From time to time predictions have been ventured by optimistic bankers, men whose opinions may have been influenced by a desire to see higher prices for the securities held by their respective institutions. Predictions, I say, have been ventured that at some stated period the money rates would relax. First it was suggested that 1906 would bring generally easier rates. Then it was hoped during each successive month that after the dividend disbursements of the following month had been provided for the release of these sums would relieve the situation. Then the crops were expected to furnish relief by bringing from abroad gold in payment for foodstuffs bought. Then it was hoped that the elections having resulted, on the whole, favorably from the financial point of view would release credits which had been stored up against a possible unfavorable outcome. At this writing great

hopes are being entertained that the turn of the year will bring the relief, which, it is now becoming apparent to the veriest tyro in finance, is absolutely needed, unless grave results should threaten. It must be confessed that, however anxiously and with whatever keen vision one may scan the horizon, there is nothing to be seen as far as the eye can reach that promises relief, unless it be liquidation in speculative markets or depression in general business affairs. It is certain that one or the other must result, and it is, of course, not difficult to decide which alternative would redound to the greater benefit of the community.

\* \* \*

It appears that those in high authority in the world of finance have little intention of curtailing their enterprise. During the past month nearly half a billion dollars in new security issues have been either placed on the market or announced for early sale. The Great Northern will issue \$60,000,000 and the Northern Pacific \$93,000,000 of new stock to stockholders for subscription. The New York Central has just sold nearly \$30,000,000 of new stock, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul is about to issue \$75,000,000 of new stock. In addition, there are many smaller railroads that are financing, or trying to finance, urgent requirements in the way of new stock or bond issues, notably the Norfolk and Western, the Wabash and other smaller lines. Adding to this total the large amounts needed by such industrial companies as General Electric, Westinghouse, the telephone companies, street railroads and others for extensions of their plants and the sum of \$500,000,000 is easily disposed of. But in addition

there have been placed on the market thousands of shares of hundreds of different mining company stocks, which have all served to withdraw money from the centers of business, mainly because they have been sold to small investors or speculators in the West, who had to draw their savings from the banks, in order to pay for their purchases, and who thereby prevented the free return-flow of money from the crop-moving districts to the centers of trade. When it is considered that over \$300,000,000 of new capital have already been spoken for by various large companies for use next year it becomes evident that there is little to expect in the way of easier money rates.

\* \* \*

This fact explains the persistent manner in which speculators, large and small, have been turning their pleadings to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The Treasury is in the habit of accumulating at times millions of unneeded cash, and the speculative community has used the apparent faultiness of the system of federal finance in that respect to secure aid for its operations in a way which was as faulty as the practice and law which it tried to remedy. Whenever money market conditions became such that a panic seemed imminent in the speculative arena, the Secretary of the Treasury was asked to stretch his interpretation of the law under which he acts, so as to make relief possible for the worried speculators both large and small, but especially the large ones. The Secretary obligingly stretched the law until at present he succeeded in stretching it so far that his successors will be quite unable to recognize the source of their authority, and will be content to follow the numerous precedents which the present incumbent has established. That the Secretary himself is conscious of duty well performed and meriting especial recognition is apparent in his annual report. That this recognition should come from the President in the intimation that

without the Secretary's illegal acts the country would be by this time in the throes of a panic is a sad commentary on the sagacity of our bankers and the honesty of our financiers. Complaints about high call money rates or high time money rates, for that matter, come with poor grace from eminent leaders of Wall street, who, when occasion favors, are not unwilling to turn an honest penny by a little stretching of the usury laws.

\* \* \*

One reason for the tight money conditions and one which bankers are perfectly well aware of, although they do not display any anxiety to let the public into the secret, is that San Francisco has swallowed at least \$200,000,000 of cash, which otherwise would be available in the money market for credit extension. True, the fire insurance losses were paid, but the fact remains that these payments merely went to fill up the hole which the earthquake disaster had left in the wealth of nations. Whatever quibbling may be indulged in to prove that the disaster was a blessing in disguise, the fact cannot be explained away that \$200,000,000 worth of existing wealth was completely destroyed. The insurance companies which formerly kept large balances in the banks at financial centers have practically drawn down these balances to pay for the damage on the Pacific slope. In one particular instance a balance carried with a trust company was reduced from \$1,600,000 to \$200,000. This means that credits of at least four times \$1,600,000, or \$6,400,000, were withdrawn from the channels of trade and speculation. And this is only one instance out of hundreds.

\* \* \*

The financial history of the past month has been rather prolific in the production of interesting episodes, but none has been more remarkable than the Nipissing affair. As a result of the collapse in the boom of this mining stock, there has been something of a quietus put on speculation in mining

shares, but the pricking of this bubble was not sufficient more than to check the speculation temporarily. Consequently, the tying up of large sums in mining stocks will probably continue until a more severe cataclysm shall engulf the foolish public. In the meantime, it may be asked what the result of the discovery of these huge deposits of silver will be on the price of that metal. During the past few weeks the price of silver rose to the highest point in more than twenty years. The demand, which had been overtaken by the supply so many years ago, had begun to catch up again with the supply of the metal. The discovery of these new silver deposits may result in another decline in the price of the white metal, and in that case it is to be hoped that there will be no mistaken theory advanced as to the proximate cause.

It is a curious fact that in the cycles of increasing and decreasing prosperity in this country heretofore one of the signs of approaching decline in business has been a continued period of tight money and a simultaneous shortage in the supply of cars wherewith to handle the traffic offered to the railroads. Both these signals have been gradually becoming more strongly defined. The scarcity of money, accompanied by an enormously increased demand for credits, has existed for nearly a year. The scarcity of cars, accompanied by an enormous demand for better service due to extraordinary business activity, is just beginning to be talked about. In the West especially this scarcity is making itself felt. Just why such a car shortage should in previous years have preceded a period of hard times is not difficult to explain. It would seem that railroads were able to handle all traffic offered until such a moment when the very height of business activity had been reached. The top of a wave always reached just before the waters begin to recede. The scarcity of cars would, therefore, seem to indicate the

reaching of the top of prosperity, and, only by inference, they mark the preliminary of reaction.

\* \* \*

In 1896 McKinley was heralded as the advance agent of prosperity. In 1906 may Roosevelt be properly considered its coroner? Investigations into the cause of the times as they have been for the past ten years are being conducted with constantly increasing scope. The further these investigations into the management of those gigantic corporations, of which we have been so boastful in years gone by, proceed the more apparent becomes the fact that a good part of their success was achieved by illegal, immoral and unfair business methods pursued by those who were employed to manage their affairs. Recent revelations regarding the frauds practiced by high officials of the Harriman and Gould systems in the acquisition of coal lands make one suspect that, perhaps, the trail, if followed, might lead into higher places still. A famous lobbyist and counsel of a famous, not to say notorious, railroad president once remarked that his client was a personage of such lofty pretensions as to elevate him into regions at once remote from, and superior to those, inhabited by the common herd. It would be a matter of general satisfaction to discover that those remote and superior regions were not more frequented. In days of old solitary confinement was considered a fitting punishment for less serious offenses than the theft of government lands. Nor would such an expose bring about any unpleasant revelations regarding the real characters of many so-called prominent Wall street financiers, for their real characters have been for some time suspected by the general public, a suspicion which has contributed much to the hesitation of the investing world to take the stocks and bonds offered in the stock markets off the hands of their makers.

EDWARD STUART.

## Chile con Carne.

**W**E set eyes on Sir Henry Irving for the last time in the precincts of a venerable Court of Justice, where he was about to give evidence. There was the tall, stooping, emaciated figure in the short black coat; there were the fine, though care-worn, features set in a frame of long grizzled hair, and surmounted by a black silk hat with a prodigiously broad flat brim and a prodigiously tall cylindrical crown. As he stalked to and fro among the mob of clients and solicitors and members of the bar, he seemed, in a once familiar phrase, to bring the very scent of the Strand—of the heart of the old theatrical Bohemia—over the footlights. He made an admirable witness—clear, logical and self-possessed; his manner was perfect, and he was always ready with the right answer under cross-examination, though much too wise to indulge in sharp retort or pert recrimination. Very rarely, indeed, has a man of his abilities and intellectual power adorned the British stage. The glories of the Lyceum—the entertainments, the banquets, the receptions, the supper parties, chronicled by Mr. Stoker with a particularity which would be pathetic were it not monotonous—have long since departed; but the adversity that dogged his later years developed a latent fortitude and resolution of soul which might well have been sapped by a series of prosperity and adulation. Truly, if the successful actor is the petted child of fortune, the goddess balances her favors with cruel blows. Irving was not immune from the weaknesses and

foibles apparently inseparable from the calling of his choice. But, having selected his walk in life, he was the soul of loyalty to his brethren from the greatest to the least. He was never a hanger-on of "society," though some members of "society" were eager to hang on to him; and he would have instinctively revolted from that last meanness which besets the histrionic mind—the trading professionally upon the practice of the domestic virtues in private life. He could wish no higher praise than that, in his own peculiar line, he was a great actor; and it will probably be long before his true niche in our theatre is filled.—From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

\* \* \*

Your Gellibrand is waiting by the gum-tree.

He lingers 'neath the palm and deodar;  
O tell him that you love him under some tree.

And who the Safronette you really are,  
Let Unna call the cattle home, and stop not

To sport with Ravelina on the green;  
By the tangles of his Adosinda's top-knot  
O come into the garden, Glycerine!

O Jeromette, my only joy, my true love,  
Forgive me if I'm getting rather wild;  
But I'm doubtful if I really care for you,  
love.

Or Ichabod the solitary child.  
Minella might be in the Moated Grange,  
dear,

If it wasn't for the houses in between;  
But—Gellibrand is feeling rather strange,  
dear...

So come into the garden, Glycerine!  
—From Punch.

\* \* \*

The editor decided to try "fonetic" spelling in his paper, and the experi-



ment seemed a success until he got the following:

"Dere Sur,—I hev tuk yure paper for leven yeres, butt ef yew kant spel eny better than yev bin doin' for last to months yew ma jes stoppit."

In a certain town in the North of England an old couple were driving down a steep hill in their cart. Suddenly the horse took fright and the terrified old lady exclaimed to her husband:

"Eh, John, I'd give a sovereign to be out o' this!"

"Keep th' brass in th' pocket; tha'll be out for naught in a minute!" replied her husband—and she was.

"That society newspaper published some very flattering remarks about me," began Miss Devane.

"Yes," replied her best friend; "but it was horrid of the editor to go and spoil it in the way he did."

"Spoil it, indeed! Why, he said I was 'a beautiful belle of the younger set, and——'"

"Yes, and then he put your photograph right under it."

Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, is always interesting, even in small things. She had a letter the other day from a Bucharest cigarette manufacturer, who wrote that he had called his best cigarette the "Carmen Sylva," and had filled a case with them for the industrial exhibition which is now being held in Bucharest. Next day the Queen drove to the exhibition and wished to see the new cigarettes. The man in attendance showed them. The Queen asked him to smoke one that she might test its flavor. At the cigarette man's request she filled her reticule

with the "Carmen Sylva" cigarettes. "I'll take them home to the King," she said to her lady-in-waiting. "They will soothe him when I read him my poetry."—From Tit-Bits.

\* \* \*

Sociability is looked upon by Kaffirs as the essential virtue. The children play in great bands. To loaf about alone would be regarded as a highly penal offense, and every child regards eating in secret as a base act. Nearly every game played by children in Europe that does not require much apparatus is known to Kaffir children, and Mr. Kidd declares that if a troop of them were suddenly transported to Margate sands, they could join in the amusements of the little whites without teaching. The girls play with dolls, and the boys with oxen and horses roughly modeled by themselves in clay. They make little imitation huts, wherein live little polygamous dolls with many clay wives, and they hold doll feasts and kill clay oxen for the purpose. They turn catharine-wheels, and play touch, and cat's-cradle, and follow-my-leader, and something which corresponds to "oranges and lemons." They have no hoops, but they kick a gourd before them as they run from place to place on errands, or one boy bowls it along a prepared patch of ground like a cricket pitch while others stationed at short distances spear at it with little assegais. They put up swings wherever they can. The big boys fight and wrestle with a good bit of ferocity, but the little boys are generally spared. If a big boy wrestles with a little one, it is only to please him, and public opinion obliges the big one to kneel or to use only one hand.—From Spectator.







ABDUL HAMID.